The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2465.

THE WELCOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I reached my home, or once 'twas mine,
As night her dusky veil drew down;
The changing years had numbered nine
Since I had left this quiet town.

From boyhood on to man's estate
I swift had strode since that far day,
When I had passed with heart elate
Out to the world's wild calls away.

And now the friends who rested here
Throughout my absence, would they greet
My coming as the thing most dear—
Or in what measure should we meet?

I neared the porch, grave cheer it wore,
Familiar seemed the pleasant spot,
I entered at the open door,
And gave my hand, they knew me not.

The house dog, Ben, my movements scanned,
Looked in my eyes with curious craft,
Then dropped his head, and licked my hand,
And shook his shaggy sides and laughed.

MARIE S. LADD.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.*

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN'S VOTARY.

THE SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
Before thee at thy quest their Spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?
—*Manfred.*

Boom!

The distant village clock tolls *one!* startling the echoes of the vast forest of dark pines which mantles the feet of the Riesengebirge, or Giant Mountains, the stupendous range of granite peaks that separates Bohemia from Silesia.

One!

The gray owl pauses in its drear flight, and flapping his ghostly wings, swoops down to the sere and ferny ground; the blundering, leather-winged bat flutters into his hollow tree, the skulking fox runs to earth, as borne along upon the rustling night breeze float sounds of eldritch laughter as of viewless and unearthly scoffers.

The moon has gone down, but the lone, bright planets distil their cold, glimmering rays through the pure mountain air, faintly illumining the grassy patch of open ground in the depths of the grim wood, on which a solitary forester is watching through the noon of night, leaning upon his long, gleaming rifle, as silent and motionless as a statue.

There is something strangely awe-inspiring in the aspect of this mysterious man; his weather-beaten, sun-swart face is dark as tan; his eyes, deep-set beneath his shaggy, beetling brows, are ebon black, and glow with a fierce and fiendish light; his thin, scornful lips twitch under his heavy, black moustache, and his long black hair rains down upon his broad shoulders in ringlets as rich, silken, and luxuriant as a woman's.

He was dressed in a long doublet of green stuff, trimmed with black velvet and gold lace; his leggings were of untanned deer-skin, and to the knee encased in high boots; a large slouch hat, from which depended a heavy, black plume, fastened by an *aigrette* set with a costly ruby, was pulled close down over his lowering brow. He was girdled with a broad, black belt, from which hung his game-bag, his powder-horn, a pouch, and a silver bugle.

As the wild, demoniac whoop rang on his startled ear he turned affrighted, and doffing his hat, stood ghastly pale, and trembling violently.

"The Dark Huntsman and his hellish rout are abroad!" he muttered in a low, husky voice. "How the mocking fiends exult at mortal anguish. Caspar—Caspar!" he ejaculated aloud, smiting his breast, and heavily groaning. "Can it be possible that time has passed so quickly! Seven years! They are fled like the lightning's flash! It seems but yesterday—yesterday! I have enjoyed no yesterday! Now—but—*now*, I entered upon my dread compact with the juggling spirit. Fiend, lying fiend! my term has *not* expired. Seven years of prosperity, no—no! A feverish, fleeting dream and I awake; but how? To the consciousness that I am anathema—lost, body and soul! given to the fiend!"

Cold beads of sweat broke forth upon his wrinkling brow, and in mortal despair he twined his writhing fingers through his black locks.

"Spirits of the air! Powers of the far empyrean!" he exclaimed, sinking upon one knee, and wildly clasping his trembling hands. "Ye dark mysterious agencies who rule the elements and sway the destinies of wretched man! Hear me! I conjure ye by the potent spell taught me by that venerable adept who was your master. I invoke ye, spirits, that lesser than the Ministers, are still the foes of evil, are the workers of good! By the high promise of my birthright, which is pledged, not forfeited; by my deep vows of penance and repentance, by your antagonism against the powers of darkness, save me!"

*[*Note.*—The wild Bohemian Legend of *Der Freischutz* has had a wide-spread popularity—the opera of that name being founded upon it. In the present story, the author has drawn from the various melo-dramatic and operatic versions.]

"BEFORE HIM LOOMED THE DREAD FORM OF THE WILD HUNTSMAN."

Burying his face in his hands, he remained upon his knees, shuddering convulsively.

The owl hooted, the fox barked, the dry leaves whirled by on the toying wind, but all else was dumb as marble.

He tried to make the sign of the cross, but felt his arm wrenched fiercely back; he looked around, but he was alone—nothing visible in the clear starshine but the gloomy woodland.

"Good angels flee from me; they will not answer," he murmured in torment of soul. "It is my own volition, my hard pride, my seething passions of self-love, revenge, and hatred that repel them. Why, then? To *you* I appeal, arch-rulers of evil, pass by so mean a quarry as this worm of earth, though but in disdain, snatch me from the grasp of this wood demon, your inferior—half-man, half-devil—hear me, oh pity me!"

"*Ha—ha—ha—Ha! Ho—ho—ho—Ho!*"

The dark glades rang with wild, fiendish laughter.

"They mock me!" growled Caspar, through his gnashing teeth. "I defy them! My term has not yet expired. I have still time. Another long, long day! I am no 'prentice. I know the spells. To-morrow my star is in the ascendant. I will obtain another respite by the sacrifice of another victim. More blood!—more horrors! But it is too late now; my heart is hardened as a granite rock. Come what will I will do it! Yes, yes, to-morrow night in the Wolf's Glen, I will cast the seven charmed bullets! 'Six shall go true, the seventh he may rue!' What has been done before must be done again. The sure necessity to repeat the crime is the inevitable penalty of guilt. But who shall be my victim? Who but Wilhelm?—Wilhelm, whom I hate!—Wilhelm, who supplanted me in Bertha's love—Wilhelm, who is my rival, and my adversary—whom I envy and abhor! The saintly sycophant! I will ruin him! The gaudy Mayfly! I will entangle his soul in the meshes—like a spider I will weave my web for his destruction. Nerve thyself, Caspar! Never didst thou more need determination than at this crisis. The morning is already breaking. To thy spells. I am yet thy master, Zamiel—I can yet compel thee to appear at my summons!"

He hurried from the spot, and plunging into the brushwood, hastily gathered an armful of dry sticks, sere leaves, and withered fern, which he brought back to the dingle.

Heaping these in a little pile upon the ground, he took from his pouch some gunpowder, which he scattered upon the fuel, and then ignited it by means of flint and steel.

Soon the dry, inflammable mass burst into a bright flare which lit up the surrounding trees with its crimson glare.

The forester then produced a selection of herbs, and other essentials, culled for his purpose, and cast them into the flame, at the same time muttering some strange conjuration in a jargon intelligible only to the initiated.

By this time the sky had become overcast, and the rising wind, roaring through the waving branches of the gigantic firs, fanned the fire-spluttering, smoky flare.

Caspar unsheathed his hunting dirk, waved it thrice above his head, and in a low, impressive monotone, chanted the following

INCANTATION.

"Huntsman dark who haunt'st this dell,
Hear and aid my potent spell:
Whether over wood and wold,
Thou dost thy dread revel hold;
On the raving tempest's rack,
With thy yelling hell-hound pack,
O'er the wood, the holt, the crag,
Chasing hard the spectral stag;
Through the lightning's livid flash,
'Mid the thunder's awful crash,
And the storm-rain's savage plash;
Whooping through the wildering night,
Lost wayfarers to affright,
As upon the hurtling blast
Speeds thy hell-horde—howling past!
Or, whether,
Zamiel, demon fell!
Lurk'st thou in some murky cell,
Throned among thy fiendish clan,
Working bane and death to Man.
Where'er thou art—in earth or air—
Hither at my call repair!
Answer! charm-compelled to hear!
It is thy master wills! Appear!"

As he concluded this invocation, the gale, which before had blown with increasing fury, ceased in an instant. Not a leaf stirred, not a spray trembled. A strange and supernatural calm prevailed, and a black gloom closed around, causing the glare of the fire to glow fiercer and more lurid red.

Caspar took a backward step; still clutching in his hand the flashing blade, he fixed his eyes with breathless suspense and intense interest upon the volume of smoke that rolled heavily upwards, and now appeared to assume a compact form. For an instant it hung motionless as a cloud in a dead calm, then it wafted upwards, dispersing and vanishing in mist-like wreaths through the dark tree-tops, and there before him, standing erect upon the red-hot embers, loomed the dread form of THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

Caspar quailed before those soul-searching eyes that glowed like live coals, and that dark, olive face, and that dread form, half human, half fiend, so weirdly attired in a deer-skin hunting dress, with the accoutrements of the chase, the pouch, the dirk, the winding bugle, and the long, black rifle. The unearthly being spoke in a hollow tone, which sent an icy thrill through the listener's beating heart.

"Why am I summoned?"

Caspar sank upon one knee.

"Dread spirit," he gasped, "my term has expired."

"Not yet."

"No; but to-morrow yields me to thy power."

"Till then I am thy slave. What wouldst thou?"

"Mighty Zamiel, I seek revenge upon a rival whom I hate."

"I have no power upon his life."

"I seek not his life, or long since I had slaked my thirst for vengeance in his blood. He is a jager* like myself, a ranger of the forest, one of the surest marksmen in all Bohemia. I have bitter cause to hate him. It was he who stepped between me and the bride whom I adored with the fierce passion of one whose impulses are irresistible as the sweep of the cataract. He was accepted, I rejected with disdain. Besides, he has won the favor with the Grand Warden, has been thrice crowned King of the Marksmen, while I have toiled in the battle-field and on the hunting-trail, and have had nought but my labor for my pains. He is courted and caressed, while I am shunned and hated. Avenge me, Zamiel!"

"A fellow mortal, his life is in thy hands. What would you more?"

"His bold heart shrinks not from death, but would be crushed by shame and defeat. Dark Power, extend my term, give me yet seven years, and he shall be thy votary and thy victim."

The demon laughed a hideous, scoffing laugh.

"Man is our readiest agent in working out his fellow man's perdition. Our strength is in man's mortal weakness and human passion," said the fiend. "What wouldst thou I should do?"

"Thou knowest my thoughts."

"I do not prompt thy thoughts. Command, and I obey."

"Attend, Zamiel! To-morrow is the day appointed for the annual competition for the prize of a hundred ducats, and the triumph which exalts the best shot to be 'King of the Marksmen' of the remainder of the year. The next day a yet higher prize is to be contended for—the fair hand of Bertha von Raubenzold, daughter of the hereditary Grand Warden, commander of all the king's jagers."

"Thou hast yet a day—thou art provided with the charmed bullets of the FREISCHUTZ that *never* miss the mark. Why not enter the lists thyself, and win the bride? Thy vengeance will be complete."

"False Fiend! thou knowest the price that must be paid for such a revenge," growled Caspar. "No, it is through him, my rival, and her chosen lover, that I must strike the death-blow to her cold, proud heart. Hitherto, Wilhelm has borne the palm. He stands unrivalled as a marksman. Exert thy power, and for one day rob him of his skill. Let his arms be nerveless, let his shots each fall, let him be whelmed with confusion and disgrace, the butt of ribald jests, the mark for scorn and pity. And I will lure him to thy haunt; he shall sign the compact, solve the dread mystery, and purchase the unerring bullets at the cost of that which is beyond all price. Wilt thou accept him as a votary?"

"I will. Bring him to-morrow at midnight to the Wolf's Glen."

"Thanks, Zamiel."

"There, the fatal bullets shall be cast under thy instructions; thou art the adept, and he the neophyte. But beware! shouldst thou fail, thou art lost; either he or thou must be the victim. The moon will be eclipsed, and the planets are in favorable conjunction for thy purpose. But remember—

"Six balls shall go true,
The seventh thou may'st rue!"

"Be mine the peril."

"Away, then. From the rising till the setting of to-morrow's sun, Wilhelm, the jager is spellbound; his shots will be aimless, his fair fame blasted. But I warn the that thou bringest thy victim at midnight to the Wolf's Glen. Away!"

The last red spark amongst the white ashes of the pyre flickered and became extinct. The black firs waved around in the dim, ghastly twilight of the dawn—the Demon Huntsman had vanished!

Exhausted by his dread emotions, Caspar cast himself upon the ground, and remained as crushed and immobile as if stricken by a thunderbolt, till he was aroused by the sweet, clear, silvery tantarras of the jagers' bugle-horns, merrily ringing through the echoing forests a gladsome welcome to the breaking day.

* Huntsman.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND.

The pretty and romantic village of Raubenswold was perched upon a rocky plateau at the foot of the soaring Riesengebirge, and commands a magnificent prospect of mountain, river, and woodland from its tree-crowned eyrie that overhung an extensive and richly diversified tract of country, lovely and picturesque beyond verbal description, but which had formed the subject of many a glowing painting by master hands. Never had the mountain hamlet appeared to better advantage than on the morning of the eventful day, the various incidents of which it will be our task to chronicle, gayly decorated with garlands, streamers, and triumphal arches; it was thronged by a bustling, laughing crowd of hunters and villagers in holiday attire. At the door of the principal inn, a quaint old tavern, the sign of "Der Holtzbrenner," or "Charcoal-burner," a jovial party of gayly-dressed peasants, and swart, manly-looking huntsmen were clustered around the portly, red-faced, jolly-looking host.

"Come, come, Kit, let us have your experiences," laughed one of the hunters, clapping the Boniface on the shoulder. "Let us hear what you have to tell about the terrible *Schwartzerjager*—the Black Hunter that haunts the forest. You say you have encountered that mysterious gentleman; favor us with the particulars of your interview."

"Yes, yes," cried the rest in laughing chorus. "Kit is the prince of story-tellers, deeply skilled in the fable-lore—tell us a tale of the Wild Huntsman!"

"Hist, you reckless, babbling blockheads!" returned the old inn-keeper, starting and glancing nervously around him. "Who knows but at this moment the Wild Huntsman may be at your elbow?"

"Ha, ha! certainly, Kit, he could not be in better company," replied the hunter, laughing. "But no such luck. I, for one, should be glad to make acquaintance with a personage of whom so much has been said and so little seen. For my part, though I have threaded the forest since I was big enough to lift this rifle—long ere I had strength or skill to use it—I have never met with the demon."

"Nor I," rejoined another.

"No, nor I," a third asserted.

"And pray, gentlemen, who is this Black Huntsman of whom you are speaking?"

This inquiry was made by a handsome youth, dressed in the costume of a student of one of the universities of Bohemia, and bearing on his back a portfolio and a satchel containing the necessary implements for sketching and painting, and carrying in his hand a long spiked staff for climbing the precipitous acclivities of the mountain range.

"Who asks such a question?" cried the jager, turning in surprise. "Oh, 'tis you, Meinherr Reinhardt. You have but newly arrived amongst us, yet I wonder that, stranger as you are, you have not heard the legend of the famous Wild Huntsman."

"Something of the story I have heard, but not the particulars," replied the student.

"Well, then, you must know, friend, that many generations have passed since the corps of the Royal Jagers or Huntsmen was raised by one of the kings of Bohemia for the purpose of hunting the bears, izzards, and ermines, that inhabit this vast forest tract, for the sake of their furs and skins, which form an important article of commerce, and a valuable source of revenue to the government; as also, to serve as a military force for the protection of the Silesian frontier against the invasion of hostile powers. The chief command of the king's jagers was invested in the family of the Baron von Raubenzwold, who was created hereditary grand warden of this district, and it was stipulated that in case any lineal descendant of the first baron should die without male issue, but leaving a daughter as his heiress, the hand of that young lady should be given in marriage to the jager, who, in a trial of skill, could prove himself to be the best marksman of that day, and that he, the fortunate competitor, should succeed to the family title and the dignity of the grand wardenship.

"Now, it happened that the fourth grand warden died, leaving but one child—a female, who was fondly beloved by one of the jagers, and that this man, in order to make sure of winning the rich prize, made a compact with the foul fiend, by whom he was presented with seven charmed bullets which could never miss the mark. That he won the bride; but that, when his contracted term had expired, his castle was destroyed by a terrific thunder-storm, in which his bride was killed, while he himself was carried off by the enemy, and was condemned to wander the forest with a ghostly pack of

hell-hounds in chase of a spectral deer, until the great day of doom.

"Village gossips say that, at certain seasons, especially upon the approach of some dreadful thunder-storm, he has been seen with his hellish crew flying along the clouds in full chase; and there is no more terrible omen of impending evil than the appearance of the dread Wild Huntsman!"

"An idle superstition," returned the student. "But I understand that the post of grand warden is at present open to competition, the baron having lately died, leaving no other child than the beautiful Bertha von Raubenzwold."

"It is so."

"And when is the day of trial?"

"To-morrow."

"And are there many candidates?"

"Three—Caspar, Wilhelm, and Killian—or, rather, I should say, two, since I hear that Caspar has withdrawn his claim."

"He has," replied several of the by-standers.

"Yet, Hermann, he always had a sneaking liking for the fair young baroness," one of the jagers remarked.

"That is true. It is passing strange that he should lose an opportunity of winning a prize which he has coveted so long. In my opinion, he is the only man who stands a chance of competing with Wilhelm."

"Still, Hermann, you must own that Killian is a formidable rival; he's a dead shot."

"Aye, when he keeps himself sober," returned the other, shaking his head. "But 'tis a hundred to one on Wilhelm. I would not give a kreutzer for Killian's chance."

"But what of this Caspar?" asked the student. "What sort of person is *he*?"

"Oh, a gloomy, morose fellow, whom nobody likes, and most folks hold in awe," was Hermann's reply. "Yet he is certainly a most wonderful shot. I never remember to have seen him miss the mark."

"Never—never," chorussed the jagers.

"Yet he seldom displays his skill. But he is a mysterious person altogether; he keeps aloof from society, and even when he joins the hunt, seldom speaks to any of his comrades."

"And when he does we wish him to be silent," rejoined another, "for there is something so provoking in his callous, sneering laugh, and his covert malice and sarcasm, that one is inspired with hate and fear when listening to him."

"I agree with you, Heinrich," said another, "yet is he deeply skilled in our woodcraft; he knows the secrets of nature, can name every herb and simple that grows in the forest or the field, and tell their virtues. And I have noticed that he is always foremost in the chase, and always in at the death when hunting the stag or the wild boar. When the very dogs are at fault he can strike the scent, and whenever he accompanies us on a day's sporting we are always successful, and return with our bags full of game."

"I should like to know more of this wondrous sportsman," said the student, smiling, "you must introduce me to him, friend Hermann."

"The less you have to do with him the better," replied the jager, "though I doubt very much whether you could get him to fraternize with you. Since his suit was rejected by the young baroness, he has become more sullen and unsociable than ever. But enough said about him! I never think of him without feeling a shudder of loathing."

"But if the trial-shot is to be fired to-morrow, what is afoot that there is such a commotion, and so large a gathering in the village to-day?" asked the student.

"Why, are you not aware, Meinherr Reinhardt, that to-day is the grand festival, when the 'King of the Marksmen' is to be chosen for the ensuing year?" returned the jager. "More than usual interest pertains to the occasion, as to-morrow a prize of such great importance is to be contended for. But look; here come the candidates—huzza!"

"*Huzza!*" responded the crowd of hunters and peasants, with a tremendous waving of hats and handkerchiefs, as the lively strains of a rustic band of music, the two rival rangers, each surrounded by his respective friends and admirers, approached.

According to time-honored custom, the inn-keeper's pretty daughter, Gretchen, decked out with ribbons and flowers, emerged from the door of the tavern, bearing in her hand a foaming tankard of lager-bier, which she presented with a blush and an arch smile to Killian, who walked a little in advance of his rival, Wilhelm.

A pre-eminently handsome fellow was the young scapegrace, as he stood in his neat and picturesque green dress, tankard in hand, bowing to the fair maiden, and the laughing and cheering bystanders. And though his fine features bore the marks of dissipation, his merry black eyes, his luxuriant locks, his white, gleaming teeth, and roguish smile, were sufficiently attractive to have made an impression upon a less sensitive heart than that of the sweet village beauty, who with downcast eyes blushed and curtsied before him.

"I drink health. Here's to thine own sweet eyes that beam on me like propitious stars that bode me bright success. Drink, and hail, fair Gretchen!"

The young jager raised the tankard to his lips, and imbibed such a deep draught as Meinherr Von Dunk might not be ashamed of.

"I cannot wish you success, Killian," murmured the girl, softly, "for when you are Baron Von Raubenswold you will forget me, poor Gretchen, whom you have wooed and flattered so long, you false one."

"Bah! what care I for all the lovely ladies in Bohemia, in comparison with thee?" returned the young forester, drawing her aside, and imprinting a kiss upon her soft, rosy cheek. "Let who will be warden, I will be King, my Gretchen—King of the Marksmen. Wish me good fortune, and my laurels are for your shrine alone."

"How can you so deceive me? Begone, false and heartless as you are!" returned the girl, pettishly. "Would you were as true to me as Wilhelm is to his high-born love. He is a noble youth, and worthy of the hand of a princess. Good fortune crown his efforts. I will drink to *his* success."

"Zounds!" muttered Killian; "'tis the toss up a kreutzer between love and ambition. But to be Grand Warden. Humph! how I wish you, sweet lips, could share my honors. But she's a shrew after all. Bless the little vixen, I would not have her eyes upon me when I shoot to-morrow, not for all the charmed balls cast by the Wild Huntsman, if there are such things. Egad! I would like to grab just one of them."

Gretchen now advanced towards Wilhelm, and presented him the silver tankard with a pleasant smile.

Tall and stately, with long, fair hair, a silken, fair moustache, and bright blue eyes, the forester was a model of manly strength and beauty.

"First bless the cup, pretty Gretchen," said Wilhelm, smiling. "You know the custom. Is it to me or my rival that you wish success?"

"To *you*, Meinherr Wilhelm," returned the girl with unconscious fervor, as she sipped from the tankard. "May your aim be as true as your own love-troth; may your good fortune be as constant as your devotion to the lady of your heart. I drink and hail!"

"Thanks, gentle Gretchen," said Wilhelm, quaffing; "under such auspices I am fearless of defeat. And now, friends, to the butts!"

With a loud huzza! the hunters and peasants forming themselves into procession, and, preceded by the band of musicians, marched off in the direction of the wide, smooth lawn, surrounded by tents and platforms, and in the centre of which the targets had been set up.

Wilhelm lingered behind to chat with Hermann and Heinrich, and to shake hands with the student Reinhardt, and then the four set off to follow the crowd to the ground where the shooting match was to take place.

Wilhelm's air was composed and confident; his fine blue eyes shone with a proud, clear light; he carried his rifle with an easy poise, and stepped on with a firm tread.

As they were passing over a rugged piece of ground which had to be traversed on their way to the rifle butts, three magpies, which had for several moments been wheeling and chattering above their heads, suddenly alighted upon the sward a little distance ahead, and forming in a line went jabbering and hopping in the van.

"Look, Wilhelm, at those cursed birds! There are *three* of them," said Hermann. "'Tis a bad omen."

"Aye; and they move to the left, that makes it worse," rejoined Heinrich, uplifting his boarspear, as if about to scare away the feathered augurs of ill.

Wilhelm laughed gayly.

"Hold!" he said; "they say 'tis lucky if *two* magpies cross one's path. I'll clear one of them off the board, and then we shall avert ill consequences. I have not fired a shot to-day; I will see if 'Old Trusty,' my best rifle, is in good order. So!"

He cocked his rifle, raised it to his shoulder, and instantly blazed away.

But the three magpies only uttered a shrill scream, and rising on their glossy wings sped swiftly away.

"Not hit!" gasped Wilhelm, turning pale.

"No, bungler! What does this mean?" growled Hermann. "Here is your bullet, at least a rod aside the mark."

"You must fire better than that to-morrow, Master Wilhelm," rejoined Heinrich, bluntly, "or you will lose barony and baroness; and that tavern-brawler, Killian, will win fair Bertha von Raubenzwold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 24, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 20, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $65. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 22 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

We commence a new story this week, which we think will please our readers.

Among the stories we have on hand is a new one by Louisa Muhlbach, the German novelist, whose works have been so widely read of late.

We hope our old subscribers will try to give us a good lift, when they renew their clubs for the next year. And, in order to do so, they should commence raising their clubs at once.

The *cheapness* of THE POST, as compared with other papers of its class, should be brought to the notice of readers generally. Such a paper, at so low a price, should have 200,000 subscribers.

☞ Mrs. Mary L. Hutchinson, the mother of the Hutchinson family of singers, died of paralysis at Milford, N. H., recently, aged eighty-three. She was the mother of sixteen children, to whom the musical powers with which she was naturally gifted were generally transmitted.

☞ Longfellow's new volume, which has been announced, is entitled "The New England Tragedies," and contains two dramatic poems. One of them is based on the persecution of the early Quakers in New England, the other upon the witchcraft delusion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON AND OF HIS SON ROBERT STEPHENSON; comprising also a history of the invention and introduction of the railway locomotive. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," "The Huguenots," etc. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MILDRED. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, author of "Leslie Tyrrell," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MENTAL SCIENCE. A Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy. Designed as a text-book for high-schools and colleges. By ALEXANDER BAIN, M. A., Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE FÆRIE QUEENE: Disposed into twelve bookes, fasheoning XII morall vertues. By EDMUND SPENCER. To which is added his Epithalamion. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

JACOB FAITHFUL; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WATERMAN. By Captain MARRYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

JEM MORRISON, THE FISHER BOY. By Mrs. JOSEPH LAMB, author of "It isn't right," &c. Published by James S. Claxton, Philada.

EDNA WILLIS; OR, THE PROMISE FULFILLED. By the author of "Stories for every Sunday in the Christian Year."

GRACE ROCHE'S LEGACY. By the author of "Margaret and her Friends." Two books published by James S. Claxton, Philada.

DOTTY DIMPLE OUT WEST. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE LITTLE SPANIARD; OR, OLD JOSE'S GRANDSON. By MAY MANNERING. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philada.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC. For 1869. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

BARON LEO VON OBERG, M. D. A Story of Love Unspoken. From the German. By JOS. A. SIGMUND. Published by Loring, Boston, and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

HOW TO FURNISH AND ADORN A HOUSE WITH SMALL MEANS. By Mrs. WARREN, author of "How I Managed my House on £200 a Year," "Comfort for Small Incomes," etc. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

Make a Scrap-Book.

Every intelligent, progressive farmer, takes a paper. That is a fixed fact. It is to be hoped, too, that he has half-a-dozen journals, of one sort or another coming every month; but however that may be, when he reads them over he often says: "Now I wish I could remember that item, and put it in practice next season. I believe I will cut it out and save it somewhere." He does cut it out and put it in his vest pocket, or between the leaves of a book, or in some odd out of the way place, where there is little chance of his ever seeing it again.

Now, when he cut it out, he took a step in the right direction. Why did he not go a little further, and paste it into a scrap-book? Then it would have been permanently saved, and very convenient for reference. Preserving papers in files would save all the articles, but few would ever take the trouble to look all through them for some point they wished to read over again. It would seem too much like looking for the proverbial "needle in the hay-mow."

The scrap-book gives you the very cream of all your papers. There are usually only a few articles in each one which seems to have been written expressly for you, and you do not care to save those belonging to everybody else. You do not care to read the columns on bee-keeping, when you never owned a bee in your life; but probably your neighbor takes more interest in that department than any other. It is the beauty of a good paper that it has something in it for every one.

The house mother can never buy us as good a receipt book as she can make by carefully saving the useful recipes and suggestions she meets with in her weekly paper. The book should have a simple classification: the recipes for cooking should be placed by themselves, those for general housework may be placed in another part of the book—the same for directions on gardening, care of children, &c.

Such a book is a great means of economizing in the course of a year. Just the right thing in the right place often save dollars of money and dollars' worth of time and trouble. Just such hints and directions we meet with from week to week in every good paper, and it is the carrying them out into practice that makes the difference between the thrifty, successful farmer, and his opposite. Of course if they are forgotten they cannot be put in practice. The mind, unless it has been severely disciplined, is apt to hold knowledge much as a sieve does water. It needs many helps to make the memory useful. The very act of cutting out the slip and pasting it in, is a great help towards recalling it; and if the details are forgotten, there is the article itself—you can turn to it readily. Thus you can benefit by the experience of hundreds of people you have never seen, but who have kindly noted down their own success or failure in the various departments in which you are most interested.

WHICH WAS OF THE MOST PROFIT.—A rich nobleman, on showing a friend his large collection of precious stones and gems, that had been gathered by great labor and expense, remarked: "And yet they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him but ten florins, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins a year. The nobleman was very anxious to see such profitable stones, when his friend took him to his flour-mill, and pointed out the two homely mill-stones which yielded a larger income than all his jewels.

STRAWBERRIES.—There is a delightful prospect ahead for the lovers of the strawberry. A gentleman of Newark announces that with twenty years cultivation he can raise strawberries as large as pineapples, which will retain all the delicacy of the fruit now grown. If this wonderful cultivation goes on successfully, how pleasant it will be to say to a friend who drops into tea on a June evening, "Will you take a slice of strawberry?"

Approaching and Receding Stars.

Among the stars, some are moving directly towards the earth, others are travelling directly away from us: but their distance is so great that thousands of years must elapse before we can detect any change in their position by the telescope. The determination of this fact has long been a question among astronomers, but now it has been accomplished by means of the spectroscope; and we make it known as a most important astronomical discovery. Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., whose spectroscopic investigations of stars and nebulæ are well known, is able to determine with his instrument whether a star approaches or recedes. In the former case, the waves of light which come to us from the star appear somewhat shortened; in the other case, they appear lengthened. As a familiar illustration, when a boat is rowed against the wind, the ripples seem shorter to a person sitting in the boat, and longer when in the contrary direction. So with the waves of light; by the difference in the refrangibility of the light from the star, Mr. Huggins is enabled to determine whether the star is going or coming; and he has made known two interesting facts. One is, that the motion (if any) of the nebulæ, whether from or towards the earth, is too slow to be detected by the spectroscope; and that Sirius, one of the brightest stars, is approaching our solar system at the rate of nearly thirty miles a second. Henceforth, we shall have a new series of star observations made by a method which is admirable for its ingenuity, and which can hardly fail to interest even the uncientific reader.

Painting "Beautiful Hair."

A young artist at the Tenth Street Studio Building became very much enamored with a beautiful lady who sat at a window on the opposite side of the street. He sent most thrilling eye-glances up to her window whenever he passed in or out of his studio. At length, one day, he saw her on the street, and running in breathless haste he reached her all panting, and gasped out, "Oh, miss, your lovely blonde hair; I am dying to paint it." The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out with her hair at arm's length, exclaimed, "Take it! there it is! send it back when you are through with it, and stop staring at my window; my husband is dreadfully jealous, and will thrash you for your impudence." The poor artist took the "lovely blonde hair," braids, curls and all, to his studio, and next day sent them to their owner. He has not been on a chase for "blonde hair" since.

Dealers in Hair.

The custom of wearing the hair in Brittany differs from that of other countries, and is not a little curious. The men here wear long hair flowing about in tresses; but not so the women, who do not regard it as an ornament. On the contrary, their hair is closely cut, and no part of the same is allowed to appear from beneath the cap. A girl who allows her hair to be seen, however fine or magnificent, would be considered to disregard what was due to the modesty of her sex. Dealers in hair perambulate the country, and on fete days purchase the crops of the peasant-girls, shearing them like so *many sheep, for twenty sous, or a cotton* handkerchief worth about twelve or sixteen sous, per head. These dealers are sometimes men, and sometimes women. They have a basket by their side, into which each crop of hair is thrown, after being tied in a wisp. The hair of the peasant-girls is remarkably fine, and generally of a black or dark color, though sometimes chestnut.

☞ Mr. Park Harrison, a pains-taking meteorologist, in England, has made it clear to the Astronomical Society, that the heat reflected from the moon's surface affects our atmosphere, and consequently our weather. Many persons have remarked that the sky is clear about the time of full moon. The explanation is, that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more freely. The difference of temperature between the greatest and least amount of heat reflected from the moon is two degrees and a fraction only; yet, small as it is, it appears to be sufficient to produce the effect of clearing our atmosphere.

☞ The miraculous escape of Mr. N. E. Bragg, of Bangor, Maine, who fell from a three-story building a few days since, and escaped with a few bruises, was a pretty good illustration of the power of mind over matter. While making his descent, the idea took possession of his mind to place himself in as good a position as possible to receive the shock of the termination of his involuntary journey. Accordingly he kept his arms close by his side, slightly drew up his lower limbs, in order not to alight on his feet, and thus probably shatter his bones, and the result was, as we learn, his injuries were limited to a few comparatively harmless bruises.

☞ A new story of Robert Hall is going the rounds of the English papers, to the effect that one of his congregation took him to task for not preaching more frequently on predestination. Hall was very indignant. He looked steadily at his censor for a moment and replied: "Sir, I perceive you are predestined to be an ass; and what is more, I see you are determined to make your calling and election sure."

☞ It is announced that the "Wickedest Man" is to run for the New York Assembly. This does not look as if he were converted over much.

☞ A complaint was made by a gentleman that he had been swindled by a stock company. "Why did you place any faith in the promise of receiving fifty per cent. per annum for your money," asked the judge. "I didn't believe it," said the witness, "but I expected there would be time enough to find some one who did." This is the history of stock swindling in a very few lines.

☞ The name given to the fashionable drive in Hyde Park—Rotten Row—has a curious origin. It is a corruption of *Route du Roi*—the King's Road. The crowded thoroughfare of the Strand was formerly a mere river-strand—a narrow, thinly-settled suburban lane, washed by the Thames. Temple Bar is the only gateway now standing of the ancient city of London proper, and separates it from Westminster.

☞ A journal, speaking of the intention of an actress to play an engagement in Pittsburg, says that city "will be apt to soot her."

☞ A countryman at the Astor, the other day, after tasting some olives, wanted to whip the waiter for pouring salt on "them plums."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Smoking indiscriminately in railway carriages is now prohibited in England. From and after the 1st of October every railway company is bound to provide smoking compartments for each class of carriages.

—The London Standard announces that President Johnson intends visiting England at the expiration of his term of office.

—The latest from San Francisco. A wedding in a theatre, the knot being tied by a woman.

—One of the New York theatres has introduced what is known as the English half-price system. Spectators arriving after half-past nine o'clock are charged but half the usual admission fee.

—The composer of the song "Not for Joseph," has received $35,000 as his share of its profits. Mendelssohn only received about $250 for one of his great pieces. But then Mendelssohn could not have written "Not for Joseph."

—The women of Germany are to have a convention at Stuttgart this month, to discuss the best way of managing babies.

—The author of the hymn beginning, "I would not live alway," is nearly eighty years of age, and still living.

—The English Postmaster General is urged to propose to the United States an international postage of one penny for single rates, with the belief that it would not only reflect high honor upon Great Britain, but would be acceptable to this country.

—An "iron jail" has been made in New York for a county in Missouri. It contains three cells, and is fifteen feet square by seven and a half high.

—The vintage of 1868 in France is estimated at 1,320,000 gallons, or thirty-three gallons for every man, woman and child in France.

—Eighty-eight cucumbers were gathered from a single vine recently, near Rising Sun, Md.

—A blind child of three years plays the piano in Baltimore in a skillful manner, using its elbows as well as its hands.

THE ELECTIONS.—Pennsylvania has been carried by the Republicans by about 10,000 majority. The vote is a very large one. Congressional delegation will probably stand 16 Republicans to 8 Democrats. The legislature will have a Republican majority of 27 on joint ballot.

Ohio has gone Republican by probably about 17,000 majority. The Republicans elect thirteen Congressmen, and the Democrats six.

Indiana has gone for the Republicans by about 1,000 majority. The Congressional delegation will stand 7 Republicans to 4 Democrats. Legislature Republican.

Nebraska is reported to have gone Republican by over 2,000 majority. The Republicans claim all the members of the legislature with the exception of five.

In Philadelphia the official returns give the following majorities:—Mayor, Daniel M. Fox, Dem., 1,838; District Attorney, Furman Sheppard, Dem., 1,275; City Comptroller, George Getz, Dem., 724; Solicitor, Thos. J. Barger, Dem., 892; Receiver of Taxes, J. M. Melloy, Dem., 238; Commissioner, David P. Weaver, Dem., 953; Prothonotary of Common Pleas, Albert Fletcher, Dem., 631; President Judge, J. I. C. Hare, Republican, 25 majority; Associate Judge, Thos. Greenbank, Dem., 125 majority. On the state ticket, Boyle, Dem., receives 175 majority, and Ent, Dem., 266. Of the five Congressmen, Kelly and O'Neil, (Republicans); and Randall, Moffet and Reading (Democrats) are elected. Reading's district includes Bucks county and three rural wards of Philadelphia.

—The 16th was the time for the meeting of Congress, according to adjournment, but both Houses were again adjourned until November 10th. Only four Senators and eleven Representatives were present.

—General Joseph Hooker has been retired from active service, in consequence of disability. He retires with the full rank of Major-General.

—The cricket match between the All-England Eleven and a selected Twenty-two cricketers of the United States terminated on the 16th, on the St. George cricket grounds at New York, in favor of the Eleven, in one inning, with 8 runs to spare. The full score was: All-England Eleven, first inning, 143. Twenty-two, first inning, 70; second inning, 65. This is the sixth and last match of the series, in all of which the English cricketers have won. A match at base ball at New York will conclude the regular series.

—The United States Supreme Court has recently decided that a pardon by the President will not authorize the restitution to the former owner of property confiscated for participation in the rebellion. An act of Congress is necessary.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.—The New York World, and other original advocates of the nomination of Mr. Chase, have, since the recent elections, suggested the withdrawal of Seymour and Blair, and the nomination of a new ticket. The proposition, however, does not seem to meet with much support. The following is an answer to a dispatch asking whether the proposition for a change in the Democratic Presidential candidates was prompted by the Democracy of New York:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1868.

To Jonah D. Hoover, Esq., Washington:

No authority or possibility to change front. All friends consider it totally impracticable, and equivalent to disbanding our forces. We in New York are not panic-stricken.

J. S. TILDEN,
AUGUST BELMONT,
AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

☞ The fashion for gentlemen's full dress in Paris this winter will be small clothes with silk stockings. Gentlemen who have not been kindly treated by nature will supply themselves with false calves. Ruffled shirt fronts and full ruffles at the wrists will also be indispensable. All fools will please take notice.

☞ "A tailor is the ninth part of a man," said a would-be wit in the presence of a knight of the shears. "But," responded the latter, "a fool is no part at all."

☞ Horses sell for ten cents apiece in parts of Australia.

☞ It is said that upward of five thousand different articles in common use are manufactured out of the ordinary willow trees.

☞ An Irishman, noticing a woman pass along the street, spied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes, and were hanging in the right place, he exclaimed—"Faith, 'ma'am, your gallasses are untied."

☞ Love thy neighbor; yet pull not down thy hedge.

To Marry or Not to Marry.

The Question Humorously Considered

"Cornelius O'Dowd," in a late number of Blackwood, discusses the question of marriage in a pleasant way. We cull a few passages:—

"Is life really life if one must pass it on the tight-rope? Is existence worth having, where it is eternally a question of balancing—swaying to this side, and bending to that?

"Is it proven that all people have a vocation for marriage, and is conjugalism *per se* certain to requite those who, to attain it, must divide between two what they had barely found sufficient for one? These are simple questions which we have no need of a philosopher to ask or answer for us. If one were simply to pronounce from what appears on the surface of life—and it is very hard to go deeper—we should say that the single people, especially the men, have the best of it. They are more in request among their friends, available for more attentions, and keep longer young than their married brethren.

"The double-barrelled egotism of marriage spoils many a good fellow and destroys the charm of many a delightful woman. The firm, that terrible partnership, crops up at every moment, and route that glorious spontaneity, that delicious irresponsibility, we once remembered.

"I have no patience with those people who want to marry on what it is a puzzle to them to live single upon. They must be moral, forsooth! at the cost of reducing some unhappy girl to drudgery, on the false pretence—for it is false—of loving her.

"'Why can't they let it alone?' as the great master of common-sense said of a less eventful contingency.

"I have met more pleasant and companionable people among the single than the married; but there is a canting notion abroad, that marriage is a sort of backbone for good behavior, and so the curate must be married. I don't know how far the theory goes, or whether a lady's shoemaker should have a wife, but I'm sure her coiffeur ought.

"I hope we shall soon hear the last of this tiresome controversy; for if any man wishes positively to ascertain, from his personal experience, whether it be safe to marry on £100 per annum, let him commit a small misdemeanor in Ireland and be sent to jail for three months. If his constitution stands the dietary—the seven ounces of gruel and pinch of barley per diem—he may have his bans published the day he comes out, and certainly there will be nothing in his absorbent system to interfere with his happiness.

"But it is a mistake to suppose that marriage is a necessity, except to a three-volume novel. I am certain that a very large number of people are not made for that species of companionship. Mind, I am not enamored of Mormonism or Spiritual-wifery, nor have I the slightest sympathy with Agapemones. What I desire to insist on is, that our present-day civilization inculcates conjugalism too indiscriminately, and takes most unjustifiable means to support its position. One of these, and the least commendable of all, is to disparage those who are called old maids. I have seen many a timid rider in a hunting-field jeered into riding at a fence that cost him a 'cropper;' and I am convinced that many women are driven into marriage to escape the obloquy and sarcasm of belonging to that maligned category.

"It is no exaggeration to say 'maligned.' I would ask any one who has seen much of life—who has, so to say, been a man of the world, watching its ways and studying its doings—I would ask him has he ever met in any section of humanity greater kindliness, gentleness and patience than among these same old maids? Where has he found more hearty, genial, generous natures? where sound views of life disfigured by fewer prejudices? where more thorough charity in discussing the motives? where, in one word, less of those very attributes by which it has pleased the world to characterize this class? It is no part of my task to call witnesses to what I say; but one I will cite, because she eminently represented all that I have so feebly attempted to picture; and if her genius might seem to outshine the lustre of her personal qualities, it is only to those who had not the happiness—and it was a happiness—of her intimacy. I am talking of Miss Edgeworth, and it is well worth all the weight of the years it obliges to have met and known her.

"I will not affirm that marriage could have spoiled such a nature, but I will say it could not have bettered it. Nor is it a small part of the matter that at eighty she was the guiding spirit, the delight and the charm of that family which derived glory from her name and happiness from her presence.

"Is it to a class which numbers Miss Edgeworth and Miss Nightingale among its members that women need shame to belong?

"I have done. I will only add that, instead of heaping ridicule on the condition of unmarried women, and, out of sheer derision, driving them to accept anybody—anything—as husbands, let us accord them all the deference and regard we bestow on others; and let us not forget, in the presence of some 'old maid' whose qualities of mind and nature have charmed us, and whose traces of beauty are not few nor faint, that if we do deem matrimony the great prize in life, it is a living shame to our sex that such a woman should be single.

"If I have wandered from my text of 'Marriages on Starvation Allowance,' it is simply because I have not that overweening impression of conjugalism that I would recommend any one to face beggary to attain it, any more than I would advise a man to lay out his last shilling to buy a ticket in the lottery."

☞ The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:—

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person;
Who was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

☞ Artemus Ward's will is called his last joke. He knew he had no money to dispose of, but wished to show his good intentions. He left his aged mother in comfortable circumstances before going abroad.

☞ Mrs. Mullos says it is "dreadful" hard to lose a husband. She never got used to it until she lost her fourth.

Stoves and Furnaces.

The season of the year has arrived when the most danger is to be apprehended from the escape of deleterious gases into dwellings, from stoves and furnaces. Let all our readers carefully examine their stoves and flues, and remove the accumulations of waste material, that the smoke and gases may have free exit into the outside atmosphere. The health of thousands is seriously impaired every year by breathing the gases escaping from stoves, and many have lost their lives from this source. The saddest sight we ever looked upon was one quiet Sunday morning in March, a few years ago, when we were called to the house of a neighbor, to view the lifeless bodies of the father and mother of a family, lying in bed precisely as they sunk into repose the night before. During the night coal gas escaped from a furnace in the cellar, and from thence into the chambers, and the whole family narrowly escaped from passing to that sleep which knows no waking. As it was, the father and mother lost their lives.

Several of the products of combustion are of a deleterious nature, particularly carbonic oxide and carbonic acid. Anthracite and bituminous coals contain considerable sulphur, which partially oxidizes during combustion and forms sulphurous acid gas, and this is very suffocating and injurious when breathed into the lungs. Sulphurous acid always escapes along with the other gases from burning coals.

It was supposed formerly that carbonic acid was a poisonous product, but it is now known not to be, but is, nevertheless, fatal to human life, when inhaled, as it operates to exclude oxygen from the respiratory apparatus. A person can be *drowned* in carbonic acid as well as in water.

But carbonic oxide is a destructive poison, and certainly and rapidly fatal to animal existence even when largely diluted with air. When coals are burned slowly and imperfectly, large quantities of this gas are formed, and if it escapes into rooms, even in minute amounts, headache, vertigo, lassitude, are sure to result.

Physicians in searching for the causes of ill-health in patients should not overlook the fruitful sources connected with the apparatus for household warmth. Examine the stoves, we say. Is the draught good? Are the dampers properly adjusted? Is the ventilation of rooms such as it should be? Look well to the stoves and furnaces.—*Journal of Pharmacy and Chemistry.*

Playing the Piano by Machinery.

A novel invention is announced, which threatens to throw the most skillful musical performers into the shade, and to deprive music teachers of their means of livelihood. The apparatus is called the *pianautomaton*, or the *organautomaton*, and is expected to perform on the piano or organ the most difficult music which can be procured at "first sight," and without hesitation. This will be a great improvement upon living performers! The patent of the inventor covers three different kinds of instruments; one which contains within it a magneto-electric apparatus, and which is worked by a crank; another, provided with a galvanic battery, and also worked by a crank; and a self-acting instrument, which performs alone, without any apparent aid. The apparatus can be attached to any piano or organ. The music played by this novel performer must be written in a special manner, and can be rendered with the nicest variations of style. Such, at least, are the reports. The inventor is Mr. Eugene Trastour de Varano, a native of New Orleans.

DIRT FOR CHILDREN.—The most eminent physicians in Paris maintain that playing with dirt is healthful to children; hence, the children in that city are each allowed a small bucket and shovel at an early age, and sent forth to dig dirt and make mud pies. Even in this country it is noticeable that the youngsters who are allowed to wallow in filth seem to thrive upon it, while the juveniles that are kept clean, are, many of them, puny and delicate.

WASN'T ACQUAINTED.—"Why is it," said one of our school marms to a young scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

☞ Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, seems to be an Eden of a place. A visitor says:—"I asked a politician, 'What are your politics here?' What do you quarrel about?' 'We have no politics,' he said; and he spoke the truth. I asked a physician: 'What are your prevailing diseases here?' 'We have none,' he said—and he spoke the truth." Everybody looks healthy. It is to be hoped that it will never be spoiled by being admitted into this excitable, quarrelsome Union.

☞ If you undertake to call men's thoughts and tongues to account for idle and gossiping talk, you will be like a swallow that undertakes to clear the evening air of all the summer insects that fly in it.

☞ A Cincinnati correspondent, returning from the East, was about to file himself away in one of the railway pigeon-holes of a sleeping car, when the somnolent passengers were aroused by the voice of a huge Kentuckian, who holding up a pillow between his thumb and finger, roared out to the attendant, "I say, you boy, come back and take this away!" "Wha for, sah?" "Because I'm afraid the darned thing will *get into my ear!*"

☞ *Gentleman* (to boatman)—You must often, I should think, get wet, do you not? *Artless Boatman*—Yes, yer honor, we does, werry wet, werry wet indeed! but I'm werry dry just now, yer honor, and no mistake.

☞ There is a woman in Pittsfield, Me., ninety years old, who sews, knits, and reads readily without the aid of spectacles, and milks a cow twice a day. She says "the gals now-a-days ain't worth much."

☞ A minister at Troy recently announced to a congregation that the Rev. Mr. Mann had accepted an invitation to become their minister, and then gave out as his text—"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" which slightly affected the gravity of his hearers.

☞ A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellow hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth K——, "it looks like twenty-four carrots."

☞ Indecision is that slatternly housewife by whose fault chiefly the moth and the rust are allowed to make such dull work of life; corrupting all the gleam and gloss of earth's perishable treasures.

☞ A French doctor, at the end of a philosophical profession of unfaith, proclaimed his disbelief in a future state of existence, and was thus answered by a lady: "I am not surprised, doctor, at your materialism, and that you should think your patients too effectually killed ever to come to life again."

☞ A correspondent says he recently accused his milkman of giving the cows too much salt. The milkman asked: "How do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

☞ "In England, no man thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton, once, to Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calf-skin gaiters. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe as he spit on the brush.

☞ LIES EXTRACTED.—Some years ago a Yankee invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Only the truth would come out of such a machine. If such a one could be applied to certain political papers, what a blessing it would be to the nation! Many of these papers, however, would be a total loss if put into such a hopper, for nothing would ever be seen of them again.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, writing from Martha's Vineyard, says: "As I sat on the beach to-day, watching the gambols of a hundred bathers, I inquired of an old pilot if there was not danger to be feared from sharks. 'Not a mite,' he replied; 'not a mite, never's been a shark seen here, sir, since them creeturs,' pointing to the ladies, 'took to the water—scared them all t'other side of Gay Head.'"

☞ Herschel, the elder, when he lived at Cape Town showed a resident a remarkable blood-red star; and some little time after that, he heard of a sermon preached in those parts, in which it was asserted that the preacher's views of Bible statements must be true, for that Sir J. Herschel had seen in a telescope "the very place that wicked people go to."

☞ "Is there a real progress in Christianity among those cannibals?" asked an old lady of her nephew, a roving sailor, who had just returned from a long cruise. "Yes, Aunt Hepzibah; they have got so now they can take their grog like Christians, and can't eat roast missionary without mint sauce."

☞ SILVER ORNAMENTS.—Men, women and children in India decorate themselves with large quantities of heavy silver ornaments. This accounts for the drain of silver in that direction. Upon their dusky skins it appears to much more advantage than gold.

☞ RICE.—Rice, the great staple of South Carolina, the culture of which was once confined to the river swamp lands, is now grown on the uplands. The seed of the swamp rice is used, and the grain raised compares favorably with that of the old rice fields.

☞ Pennsylvania has a greater length of railroad than any other state. The first four are: Pennsylvania, 4,311 miles; Ohio, 3,398 miles; New York, 3,245 miles; Illinois, 3,224 miles. In 1860, Pennsylvania was the fourth state, having only 2,598 miles.

☞ The designs of the new United States postage stamps are described as follows:—The two cent stamp has for a vignette a mail carrier on horseback; the three cent, a mail train under steam; the five cent retains the miniature of Washington; the ten cent has a copy of the signing of the Declaration of Independence (from Trumbull's painting in the Rotunda of the Capitol;) and the thirty cent, the Surrender of Cornwallis, from the picture by Trumbull.

☞ POPULAR ERRORS.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that, if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite; or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

☞ At a recent tableau party on the Hudson the scene of Bluebeard's dead-room was shown—six pretty heads all bloody, suspended along the wall, the bodies, of course, being behind the canvas. As the curtain descended, one of the heads was observed to smile. It was afterward ascertained that some one had stolen behind the scenes and kissed the hand of one of the wives.

☞ POETRY.—All poetry is but the reaching out of the soul,—all painting, whether in words or colors,—for something better, brighter, fairer than it has yet seen, but which imagination prophesies is yet to come. It sees brighter tints, more indestructible loveliness than this world contains, but which even its disappointments and defeats foreshadow; and which will certainly come, or hope, and faith, and love would not be.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 7000 bbls sold in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $6,25@7,50 for superfine; $8@8,75 for extra; $8,50@9 for Northwest extra family; $9@9,25 for fancy Minnesota; $9@10,50 for Penna extra family; $10@11,50 for Ohio extra family, and $12@13,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye—200 bbls sold in lots at $8@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—In Wheat there has been more doing. About 40,000 bus sold at $2@2,20 for common to prime Penna, Western and Southern red; $2,22@2,25 for amber, including 600 bus of fancy amber at $2,35, and 1900 bus of white at $2,40@2,50 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye is in fair demand; 2300 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,05. Corn is scarce, and in fair demand at an advance. About 35,000 bus sold at $1,27@1,36 for Western mixed, and $1,30 for prime yellow, closing at $1,28@1,28 for Western mixed, and $1,30 for prime yellow. Oats are in steady demand at about former rates; 40,000 bus sold at 72@75c for Penna and Western, and 55@65c ₩ bus for Southern, as to condition. Barley has advanced; 20,000 bus of New York sold at $2,30@2,35 for two-rowed, and $2,40 ₩ bus for four-rowed.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $30@30,50. Mess Beef sells at $23@24 for city packed. Beef Hams are nominal. Bacon continues quiet, with sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@18c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16½@17½c; Shoulders at 13½c. Green Meats are quiet; sales of pickled Hams at 16@17c, and Shoulders at 12½@13c. Lard is unsettled; sales of 200 bbls and tcs Western at 19½@20c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter is in good demand; sales of solid packed at 25@32c, and prime Western and Penna at 36@40c. Cheese is in fair request, with sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 25@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 900 bales of middlings sold in lots at 25½@26½c for Uplands, and 27@27½c for New Orleans, closing at 26½@27c ₩ lb.

BARK—15 hhds of 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at $42 per ton, a decline.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow are reported at 44@45c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Prime lots are taken quite freely at 75@80c.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit is dull and lower. Sales of Apples at 7@12c, Peaches at 14½@15c for halves, 11@11½c for quarters, and 18@23c ₩ lb for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1,35@1,40; Mixed do $1,20@1,20; Inferior do $1,10@1,15; Straw ₩ 100 lbs $1,20@1,25.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 15@25c, according to quality.

IRON—Pig Metal is unchanged. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42@48, and No 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig is quiet at $44 ₩ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $85@87 for bars. Blooms are quiet.

SEEDS—600 bus Cloverseed sold at $7@7,75, according to quality. Timothy sells at $3@3,20, for prime new. Flaxseed is selling at $2,70@2,75, a decline.

WOOL—120,000 lbs sold in lots, at 55c for extra; 52½c for fine; 51c for one-half blood; 50c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 60@62c for tub; and 33@38c ₩ lb for unwashed, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3400 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—To the sufferer from gravel, stone and other irregularities of the kidneys, these Pills give permanent and almost instantaneous relief.

"How Chilly the Evenings in October!"

This is a common remark, yet how few think of the danger of exposing themselves to their influence! In all low, marshy localities Ague and Fever prevail at this season of the year. In this disease there is invariably more or less derangement of the liver and digestive organs. The remedies usually resorted to have reference to preventing the paroxysm or breaking up the chills. If this is effected without removing the cause, a relapse is inevitable. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS strike directly at the foundation of the evil, by acting on the liver and correcting digestion. The cause being removed, the paroxysm will cease, and the chills cannot return. When the patient is weak and debilitated, the BITTERS should be resorted to, as they will strengthen and tone the stomach, allay all nervous irritation, and infuse renewed animation into the hitherto drooping spirits, without entailing the danger of reaction.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is truly a preventive medicine, rendering even the feeblest frame impervious to all malarious influences; and, as a stomachic and anti-bilious medicine it is incomparable, and no one who values his health can afford to do without it. Fortify the system with this inestimable tonic and invigorant, and the "Chills of October Evenings" will have no terror for you. oct3-6t

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, Miss., *June 20—Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY, Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT. aug1-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists. mar10-eow-tf

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

3000 Engravings. 1840 pp. Quarto.

Trade Price $12.

THE NEW WEBSTER is glorious—it is perfect—it distances and defies competition—it leaves nothing to be desired.—*J. H. Raymond, LL. D., President Vassar College.*

COMPENDIUM OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary must be regarded as the most useful and remarkable *compendium of human knowledge* in our language.—*W. S. Clark, Pres. Mass. Agricultural College.*

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF WEBSTER, a *library for the poor man*, and an indispensable piece of furniture for the table of the scholar.—*Geo. Woods, LL. D., Pres't Western University, Pa.*

It is the Dictionary of Dictionaries. *I have fallen in love with it.* So has my wife, and so have my children.—*J. C. Packard, late Sup't Public Instruction, Wisconsin.*

Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our written and spoken English tongue.—*Harper's Magazine.*

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century.—*Golden Era.*

This work, well used in a family, will be of more advantage to the members thereof than *hundreds of dollars* laid up in money.—*Alliance Monitor.*

Young man, if you already have a Bible, buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary next.—*Chr. Nun.*

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass. Sold by all Booksellers.

Also, just published, WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, 1040 pp.; octavo; 600 Engravings. Trade price $6.

$2000 A YEAR, AND EXPENSES to agents to introduce the *WILSON SEWING MACHINE, stitch alike on both sides.* Samples on two weeks' trial. Extra inducements to experienced agents. Address A. B. McGUFFIE & CO., General Agents, 515 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa. oct24-4t

THE PIANO BOOK,

Which cannot be excelled; is

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.

Regular sale,—30,000 a year.

Sold by all Music Dealers. Price, $3.75. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Journal.---New No.---Free.

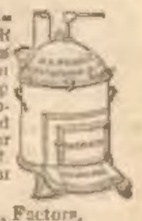
For the Holidays of 1868—9, containing a Christmas Story, Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Odd Tricks, Queer Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, &c. 16 large pages, illustrated. *Sent Free.*

Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, oct24-2teow 25 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., or BOSTON, MASS.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. oct24-4t

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL STEAMER AND CALDRON, having had a test of nine years, has proved itself superior to any other arrangement for cooking food in large quantities for man or domestic animals, and is well adapted for mechanical purposes, where heat or a low pressure of steam is required. Those interested will please send for testimonials, prices, &c., to



JAMES C. HAND & CO., Factors,
Or to SAVERY & CO., Manufacturers,
sep12-3m Philadelphia.

lighted his cigar, and Frederica read the following lines:—

Oh! minstrels of the night, whose dulcet strains
Do pierce my brains,
Suggesting canes
And bootjacks for those sides of fur,
How soft ye purr
When the sun's rays the waking earth illume;
But when the gloom
Of night falls like a veil,
How swells each tail!
And how—
Me-ow!
Ye-ow!
Ye scratch, and kiss,
And spit and hiss,
And yell, and siss,
Till Pandemonium were bliss
Compared with this.
First, the sleek prima donna's voice is heard
In a long solo, well sustained, to rise,
A chorus gives the variations, a deep bass replies;
Then a clear tenor thrills the listening ear,
Complains that he is injured, he, the *feline*,
And, rising to the very highest C,
Is drowned by voices pitched in every key,
Till discord reigns, and frantic listeners throw
Boots, to make bootless that sweet sound below.

"That might be sung to the air of Robert, oh! my beloved!" said Miss Falconer, at the conclusion.

"There is one thing which we have not determined—who is to be the Count di Luna?"

"Sainty Elliott," said her brother.

"He is coming, then? Oh! I am so glad!" exclaimed the girls, unitedly.

"Is he Mrs. Elliott's son?" Geralda asked.

"Her grandson," said Lord Fordham. "A capital fellow, and with a tenor something like Brignoli's. I should be horribly jealous of the part he is to sing with you, if he hadn't been Estella's devoted admirer for I don't know how many years. Stell, how you blush!"

Estella hung her head in pretty confusion, and Miss Falconer inquired when he was to come.

"Can't tell—he's been yachting with Lyell and Powelson. I wish he'd bring Pow with him. *He's* a hand at a frolic."

"I wonder how much of an audience we shall have," said Frederica.

"A hundred or so," replied her brother. "I shall ask everybody to come and bring everybody else. All the houses are filled at this season."

"Oh! dear, how frightened I shall be," said Estella.

"What! with Sainty to back you?"

"Mamma said that we must ask Lady England to take a part in something," said the grave Louisa.

"There's a part that would just suit her in the play," said her brother. "Rather spiteful, you know, begging your pardon, Geralda."

"My feelings are not any too tender," said Geralda.

"By the way, my fair cousin, you will have to do double duty, for I must and will have you play Mademoiselle d'Este to my Marquis de Lange."

"But I do not wish to monopolize," began Geralda.

"Oh! there is a chance for an infinity of female characters, for there is the queen and her maids of honor, of whom you are one, you know, and Elliott will have to take a part, for no one can do the Count de Guiche but himself."

Sir Francis now walked in upon this pleasant scene. He had not been asked to join the consultation, which was, as Miss Falconer phrased it, "strictly a *family* affair," limited to Geralda and themselves, and from this circle of six, select as the Councils of Olympus, the invitations to the happy ones who were to be chosen as their assistants were to radiate.

The baronet could not be blind to the fact that his presence in the conclave was unwelcome. Miss Falconer and her brother looked blank, Estella shrugged her pretty shoulders, Louisa and Frederica whispered together, and his wife appeared to have forgotten that there was such a person as himself in the world. How lovely she was with the wreath of dark ivy binding the bright waves of her hair, which glittered in the sunshine, and casting tremulous shadows on the soft bloom of her cheek. How happy were the cushions that dimpled to the light pressure of her shape, and swelled up around the white, careless hand that rested on them. He felt that he was one apart from all this freedom and light-heartedness, that he was the shadow in this sunshine, a cloud in their clear sky, and while he lingered, hoping that some fortunate chance would reverse these sad conditions, Geralda said, "Didn't I hear some one say that some pond was frozen over?"

"Yes; the Deep Pond has a crust of some inches," said Estella, eagerly, "and it is as smooth as glass, for the snow has all blown off from it."

"How foolish we are to allow such an opportunity to escape us!" said Geralda, starting up and flinging her wreath to the floor. "I have a new pair of skates which I wish to try, and who will go with me?"

"All of us," said Estella, beginning to dance around the room.

"Won't you join us, Sir Francis?" said Lord Fordham, as he was about to follow the laughing girls, who were hurrying in all directions for their skating attire.

"No," said Sir Francis, shortly, and stood at the window, watching, watching, with his heart growing every instant more leaden, his hands more icy, his forehead flaming, until he saw his wife spring lightly by at Lord Fordham's side, her glittering skates hanging upon his arm, and the white plumes of her hat blown towards the brown curls of his hair.

The walk to the Deep Pond was long enough to deepen the red of their cheeks and make their eyes shine like the frosty rime which diamonded the brown nakedness of the trees. The pond itself was broad, and lay in the hollow of some low hills running up and among some bushes that pushed through the surface at the farther extremity. But just before them it lay dark and smooth, veined like agate, and thrown into bold relief by the full blue of the sky and the white rim of the encircling hills. Geralda buckled on her skates with an eager hand. She would not wait for Lord Fordham, who had yielded to Estella's childish impatience, and was fastening the slender straps around her pretty ankles. The dark expanse, the fresh, wild breeze, the open sky penetrated her with a sense of liberty which she had not felt before since the assumption of her hated bonds. She could have cried with Caliban, "Freedom! heyday, freedom!" as she struck from the shore, lightly poising herself upon the polished steels and sweeping in graceful curves towards the centre of the pond. Her cousins soon followed her, but she distanced them completely, wheeling in airy circles and darting hither and thither like a bird upon the wing. In vain Lord Fordham "stood upon his muscle," her light figure sped before him with a steady, unvarying motion, disappeared among the low growing bushes, skirted the shore, and shot into view far before him.

"The 'fleet Camilla' was nothing to her," said his lordship aloud, pausing an instant to breathe himself.

"I quite agree with you," said a man's voice at his elbow, and wheeling on his skates he cried, "Why, Sainty Elliott, did you rise from the pond?"

"No more than you fell from the sky, Charley. Who is yonder nymph?"

"A cousin of mine. I've been trying to overtake her for a quarter of an hour. You used to be a champion skater—let me see if you can do it."

"A queer mode of introduction!" said the other.

"Wait," said Lord Fordham, balancing himself on his skates and taking a card from his pocket, on which he wrote a few lines, "there's your letter of introduction. Now away, for the girls have scented you from afar, and come like vultures to the feast."

Sainty nodded, pocketed the card, and shot over the shining surface. Geralda heard the ring of skates behind her, and doubled her speed; but the skater gained upon her, and she circled to confront him, intending by a sudden stroke in his direction to throw him off his course, and, as it were, "double on her own trail." The pursuer seemed to understand her manœuvre, and as she neared him sufficiently to perceive that he was not her cousin, by a quick side wheel he placed himself directly across her path, and raising his hat with one hand, extended the written card with the other. If Geralda had been that moment converted into ice she could not have stood in more frozen horror, staring with wild eyes at the handsome face set in its frame of black, curling hair, and illuminated by eyes as blue and brilliant as the sky above his head. The young man evidently thought her surprised by his presumption, for he again tendered the card, which she took with a slight shiver, and read upon it

"I send Sainty Elliott to capture you.
"CHARLEY."

The horror went out of her face as she raised her eyes, but an inscrutable expression filled them, and her voice trembled a little as she said,

"My cousin introduces you to me, but has he told you my name?"

"No—he has not."

"Then I must introduce myself as Lady Chalcedon."

"*Lady Chalcedon!* What, the—wife—of *Sir Francis Chalcedon?*"

"Yes; do you know him—my—husband?"

"I met him in London last season. Have you never heard his daughter speak of St. George Althorpe?"

The horror came into her face again, but could not banish the red which the wind had blown into her cheeks, or he might have recognized her, as she said slowly, as if forcing each word from between her icy lips,

"They said your—name was—Elliott."

"It is my grandmother's name, and as I was left in her care when a child, I insisted upon calling myself by her name, and was known by it during my boyhood, so that my companions of that period always speak to me and of me as Sainty Elliott."

Through the sudden anguish which seemed to blot out the sunshine for Geralda, and to lower the sky like a leaden weight upon her head, while the ice seemed to slide from under her feet, there was relief in the thought that he did not recognize in her the woman to whom he had said "I love you," and whose written words, "Oh! my love—my love"—he held. She alone should bear the burden and feel the sorrow without seeing the better part of her heart suffer in the person of the man whom she loved. But most dreadful of all it was to feel that this love, her comfort, and once so right and innocent, was now a deadly sin. Her heart writhed and cried out against the conviction, but her reason bowed to the mandate.

While her cousins were making St. George twenty times welcome, she had made a few strokes in a blind, unreasoning manner, and staggering a little on her skates, was looking on the snowy landscape with unfamiliar eyes. Everything seemed to have undergone some change, even the voice of her cousin sounded like that of a stranger, as he came to her side and asked her if she had been offended by his unceremonious introduction of Sainty Elliott as her pursuer and captor.

"Not in the least," she replied, exerting that self-control which is the prerogative of some women; "you know I am a stranger, and I did not wish to intrude upon your first greetings."

She would not go back with him to where St. George was the centre of the laughing group of girls, but challenged him to a race around the pond, and by this exercise sent her chilled blood bounding through her veins, and braced her nerves for farther endurance.

That St. George was to dine at The Larches she knew, and hastened home with Lord Fordham some time before the others, that she might have a longer period in which to prepare for the encounter.

She dressed for dinner with unusual care. That she should wish to make herself beautiful was natural and feminine, but her most powerful motive was to appear the very antipodes of the pale woman in the widow's cap whom he had known. Certainly her Greek coiffure, with the fair, flossy curls falling over the delicate brow, the golden waves crossed and divided by bands of purple velvet, was very different from the old, close cap, and the rounded, blooming cheeks, the scarlet lips, and brilliant eyes were also unlike the pallid features which its folds had then enclosed. The voluminous folds and rich lace of her long, trained skirt had no semblance of the narrow, nun-like robe; and the widow certainly never wore the diamonds which shone like little suns in the small ears, around the white wrists, and made a blazing cross in the tulle puffs that veiled the neck of the baronet's wife.

"It is not the only cross I must bear," said her ladyship, as she viewed her radiant self in the Psyche-glass, and that she might not fall under its weight, she prayed, kneeling, with clasped hands and bowed head, miserable in the sheen of her satin, the sparkling of her gems, and the glory of her beauty. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

The next morning was devoted to a solemn consultation upon the arrangement of the musical and dramatic entertainment which was to give life to the Christmas holidays. The piquant little opera of The Barber of Seville was proposed on the one part, and on the other a play of the time of Louis XIV.—to give an opportunity for a grand display of jewelry, Lord Fordham suggested, to the indignation of his sisters.

"The men were much more extravagant than the women at that time," said Miss Falconer. "Think of Buckingham's coat all sewn with pearls."

"That was in the preceding reign," said her brother.

"The extravagance was still greater in the time of the second Charles," said Geralda, coming to the rescue, "and at a later period there was Prince Esterhazy and his diamond coat."

"Well, the women have it all their own way now," said his lordship, mischievously. "No man in our day wears forty yards of silk expanded over a wire frame, or pays twenty guineas for a head-covering the size of the palm of my hand."

"No; their money dissipates itself in smoke from guinea cigars, or runs away on the legs of a fast horse, or is bottled up with a green seal and a label," said Geralda.

"Quarter! quarter!" cried his lordship. "There is no use in disputing with a woman, because she can out-talk one."

"How we are wasting our time!" said Miss Falconer. "Who is to be Rosina, the prima donna?"

"I should say the one with the best voice," said Lord Fordham. "Each one sing a strain or two, and I will be umpire."

"A very good idea," said Geralda, "if you will exclude me. Rosina should have black hair."

"Wasn't Mademoiselle de Montijo, present Empress of the French, a Spaniard? and didn't she have black eyes and blonde hair?" said Lord Fordham. "Come, sing, pretty birds."

"What shall we sing?" asked Miss Falconer.

"Hum. Let me see. 'Roberto, tu che adoro!' from Robert the Devil. There's howling enough in that for a feline serenade. One, two, three, and begin."

The sisters sang successively, very solemnly, and with great painstaking, and then Geralda's clear voice rang out like a trumpet, as she travestied with inimitable expression the voice and manner of a popular prima donna.

"Brava! brava!" cried Lord Fordham, breaking off a piece of ivy that trailed from a hanging vase, and twisting it into an impromptu wreath for the songstress's head. "I crown you queen of song, and appoint you prima donna of our Academy of Music. Mariana, your voice is a contralto; I would advise that you should take the part of the duenna."

"An old woman!" cried Miss Falconer.

"You will do whatever is necessary for the success of the opera," said her brother. "Am not I going to make a clown of myself as Figaro?"

"Are you to be Figaro?" said Geralda.

"Yes; owing to a supposed development of a comic genius, I have all the *funny* parts foisted upon me."

"But you do it so splendidly," said Frederica; "and oh! Geralda, he writes such funny poetry."

"*Poetry!*" said her brother. "It is doggerel, or rather, *puppy*-rel."

"*Cat*-rel in this case," said Frederica, for I am going to read that 'Ode to the Cats' to Geralda."

"If you will allow me to hide my blushes in the smoke of a cigar."

Permission being given, Lord Fordham

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XI.

A CONVERSATION.

Among the persons present at the meeting, was one to whom we have not alluded, although he is destined to play an important part in this story, and who perhaps listened with more interest than anyone else to what was said. This person, to whom we have now to turn our attention, was Sotavento, the Indian mayor-domo, so liked by Don Annibal de Saldibar, and whose gloomy outline was described in our earlier chapters.

Sotavento had not altered; nearly a dozen years had passed over his head without leaving the slightest trace; his hair was still as black, his face as cold, and his person as upright. Indians have this peculiarity, that, whatever their age may be, they always seem young, and do not really begin to display any signs of decrepitude until they reach the last limits of old age.

We several times came across Red Skins who mentioned to us facts that occurred sixty years back, and yet they did not themselves look more than five and thirty. Moreover, it is impossible to fix with any certainty an Indian's age, even when his features bear the stamp of senility, for the simple reason that the savages do not try by any ceremony to fix in their minds the precise date of their children's birth, and limit themselves to recording, by the name they give them, at what spot, in what season, and under what physical or moral influence they are born; hence the names of plants, animals, rivers, mountains, etc., which nearly all the Red Skins bear.

Sotavento, during the twelve years that had elapsed, had not left his master. He had continued to serve him with such fidelity and devotion that the latter, in spite of his indomitable Castilian pride, had almost come to regard his mayor-domo more as a friend than a servant, and to treat him accordingly. The conduct of this man, although still stamped with a certain mystery, had constantly been loyal, apparently at least, and under two critical circumstances he had bravely exposed his life to save his master's.

Still, in spite of the proofs of devotion which could not be disputed, this man inspired all those with whom chance brought him into contact (always excepting Don Annibal) with a repugnance and antipathy which nothing could overcome; and, singular to say, the better he was known and the longer, the less people liked him, and the more they tried to avoid having anything to do with him. Still, his manners were gentle, polite, even affable; he liked to do services, and eagerly seized every opportunity to be agreeable, even to persons who must be quite indifferent to him.

Whence came this general repulsion for this man? no one could have said: it was instinctive; when people were near him they felt an emotion like that caused by the sight of a reptile. Don Annibal alone shrugged his shoulders with a smile of contempt when any doubts or fears were expressed in his presence about the character of the man whom he had made his confidant. Was he wrong or right? The conclusion will probably show.

The mayor-domo stepped unnoticed out of the hall after his master, and leaving the latter to go in search of Count de Melgosa, who had already reached the patio, and was about giving his servants the necessary orders for departure, he quietly entered the inner apartments, went through several rooms and reached an octagonal parlor of small size, whose windows looked out on the huerta, which at that moment was filled with horses and armed men who had formed a temporary bivouac there. On reaching it the Indian looked searchingly around him, then, going to the door, bent his body forward, and seemed to be listening.

"They are coming," he said to himself, almost immediately after.

With one bound he reached the other end of the room, opened, with a key that hung from his neck by a thin steel chain, a door carefully concealed in the wall, took a final glance of singular meaning at the door of the room, and then disappeared, closing the panel, which moved noiselessly in a groove, at the very moment when Don Annibal entered the room, accompanied by the count.

"Here," the haciendero said, pointing to a butacca, "we can converse at our ease, without fear of being disturbed by intruders."

"I assure you that I have nothing to say to you; still, if you desire to exchange a few words with me while my servants are saddling the horses, it will afford me great pleasure."

While saying this, the count seated himself.

"Oh, oh!" the haciendero remarked, with a smile, "is that your tone? I cannot believe that you really intend to go away so speedily; it cannot be so, for the honor of my house. My dear count, old friends as we are must separate with mutual satisfaction, and when all the duties of hospitality have been strictly fulfilled."

"My dear Don Annibal, at the present day," the count said with reserve, "the duties of hospitality have become, I fear, very weak ties, and are not strong enough to retain anybody."

"Do not believe that," Don Annibal exclaimed warmly; "friendship has its undeniable rights, and if fate has cast us into two opposite parties, we ought only to esteem each other the more for having followed our convictions."

"Unfortunately, Don Annibal, but few friendships resist political hatreds. However great the affection may be we feel for a man, however powerful the sympathy we may have with him, when a community of thought no longer exists, when everything separates you, indifference inevitably succeeds friendship, and, as you know, from indifference to hatred is only a step."

"Which, I trust, you have not yet taken, my dear, count, for our friendship is one of those which nothing can weaken, as it rests on too solid a basis—an oath of vengeance which we took together—and which we have as yet been unable to accomplish, in spite of all our efforts."

The count's brow was contracted by a painful thought.

"Yes," he murmured, "you are right, Don Annibal; there is a vengeance we have sworn to take. Oh, whatever may happen, I will keep my oath."

"Perhaps," the haciendero continued, "the hour is nearer at hand than you suppose."

"Is that the truth, Don Annibal?" he exclaimed, suddenly starting up. "Shall we at length reach the object for which we have so long been striving?"

"I hope so, Senor Conde; as I am more at liberty than you, and better situated to obtain information, I believe that I am at last on the track."

"Speak, Speak! What do you know, my friend?"

"Speaking to-day would perhaps be imprudent. I do not wish to leave anything to chance; give me a few more days, and then—"

"But," the count interrupted him passionately, "the insult I have to avenge is more serious than yours; my murdered brother, my boy carried off, perhaps killed, whose blood is incessantly crying out after their cowardly and barbarous murderers."

"And I have my wife, my well-beloved wife, who was rendered mad by terror, and my daughter, who escaped by a miracle from the frightful sting of a snake. Oh, believe me, count, I suffer as much as you, for all my happiness has been for ever destroyed."

There was a moment of painful silence. The two gentlemen, lying back in their butaccas, with their heads buried in their hands, remained plunged in gloomy and sorrowful thoughts. At length the haciendero spoke.

"Still," he said, "on reflection, I think that it will be better both for you and me to come to a thorough understanding about the steps we mean to take, and arrange so that failure cannot be possible. But the conversation will be a long one; I have much information to impart to you, and so, my dear count, whether you like it or not, you must defer your departure till to-morrow, and consent to pass the night beneath my roof."

"I am in a very exceptional position here, Don Annibal. The persons assembled in the hacienda at this moment have a right to regard me as an enemy, perhaps a spy. I should not like—"

"That concerns me, my dear count. Thank heaven, the well-known honor of your character places you above all suspicion; and who knows, perhaps your stay here, however short it may be, will not prove useless to the cause you serve."

"What do you mean? Pray explain yourself, my friend, for I do not understand you."

"You will soon do so; but for the present I shall feel obliged by your not pressing the point."

"Very good; I will await a more propitious moment to obtain from you the double explanation you promise me."

At this moment the door opened, and Don Melchior appeared. He bowed.

"Well, Don Melchior, what good wind has brought you here?" Don Annibal asked with a smile.

"The Senor Conde's horses are ready, father," he replied; "his people are only awaiting his pleasure."

"Be good enough, my dear boy," the haciendero remarked, "to tell the criados to take his excellency's horses back to the stable, and to unload the mules. The count does not start to-night, but designs to spend it under our humble roof."

"Still—" the count objected.

"You have promised me," Don Annibal said quickly.

"*Well, be it so,*" said the count, with his eyes fixed on the young man, who was standing respectfully in the doorway.

At a sign from the haciendero, Melchior bowed, and left the room. The count remained pensive for some moments, and then turned to his host.

"Have you not your old mayor-domo?" he asked him.

"Certainly. Why do you ask the question?"

"I fancied that young man had taken his place."

"Oh, no! That young man is not even one of my servants."

"Ah!"

"He is an orphan I have brought up."

"It is strange that I should have never seen him before."

"I presume you never noticed him before now."

"That is possible," the count said, suppressing a sigh, "still, it seems to me, I know not why, that had I seen him before, his face would not have passed out of my memory; there is something about it which struck me. Have you had him long?"

"He was six years old, I believe, when Sotavento brought him to me. Since that time he has constantly been with me; he is, I think, of Indian origin, although his features are more marked than those of the Red Skins, and his complexion whiter; but that means nothing on the border, where crossings of breed are so frequent."

"That is true," the count murmured, as he passed his hand over his forehead, as if to drive away a painful thought; "forgive me, my friend, I do not know where my head was; the questions I asked you must have appeared to you most indiscreet."

"Not at all; I am greatly attached to this young man, who deserves in every respect all that I have done for him. Hence I can only feel flattered when others beside myself take an interest in him, for it proves that I was not deceived with respect to him. Now, that it is arranged you will not start till to-morrow—"

"At sunrise," the count interrupted.

"Very good," the haciendero continued; "permit me to discharge a mission I have undertaken toward you."

"A mission!" the count said with surprise.

"The word is perhaps very ambitious, but the matter is this—Father Pelagio wishes you to give him an interview for a few minutes in this room."

"Did I not see him just now, and did we not have a conversation?"

"That is true; but at the moment he was among too many persons to be able to have an explanation with your excellency, as he would have probably desired."

"I do not know whether my instructions permit me to grant a confidential interview to the person to whom you allude; still, not to disoblige you, my dear Don Annibal, and prove to you how anxious I am to maintain the public tranquillity, I consent to the interview Father Pelagio asks, on the condition, however, that you are present."

"Your excellency anticipates my wish," the priest said as he entered the room.

"You were listening to us, senor," the count remarked haughtily.

"Not at all, caballero; but, as I opened the door, I involuntary overheard your last sentence, and I did not think that I committed any indiscretion in proving to you that I heard it."

"Very good, I am ready to listen to you; but pray be brief."

"I have only a few words to say to you," Father Pelagio replied with a bow.

"What is their nature?"

"I am about to have the honor of explaining. We regret, as much as you do, caballero, the continued wretchedness which has weighed on our unhappy country for so many years, far from wishing to recommence the war, we desire, on the contrary, to obtain a durable peace, if it be possible; but, in order to gain this result, which is the object we desire, we must have the means of transmitting to his Excellency the Viceroy our respectful entreaties."

"Respectful?" the count interrupted ironically.

The priest bowed, and continued without seeming to notice the accent in which this word was uttered—

"We have, therefore, resolved on sending to the viceroy one of our friends intrusted with a humble petition, if you will consent, Senor Conde, to pledge your honor that this petition shall reach his excellency, and that whatever the viceroy's answer may be, our ambassador will have nothing to fear, and be at liberty to go whither he pleases, without being troubled, so soon as his mission is ended."

The count reflected for a moment.

"Listen," he said; "I know not whether rebels have the right to send ambassadors to the chiefs of the government they are combating. Still, as I sincerely desire peace, and as whatever may be the result of the contest, Spanish blood will flow on both sides, and as I wish, as far as depends on myself, to avoid a painful conflict, I pledge my honor, not to lead your envoy to his Excellency the Viceroy, as that is impossible, but to present him to the general commanding the province, who, for my sake, will treat him respectfully, and who, if your petition really contains quiet and respectful demands, will himself place it before his Excellency the Viceroy; such is the only thing I can undertake. If that suits you, very good; but it is impossible for me to do more."

"Senor Conde, I expected no less from you, although what you offer does not quite come up to our expectations. Still, we eagerly accept your offer, as we desire to convince you of the frankness and loyalty of our intentions. To-morrow our envoy will follow you."

"That is settled, senor."

Father Pelagio bowed respectfully to the count, and withdrew. When Don Annibal found himself alone again with his friend, he begged him to follow him to the room which had been prepared for him, and both went out. The secret door gently opened, and Sotavento appeared, advancing cautiously, and looking anxiously around him. When he was certain that no one could surprise him, his eye flashed with a sinister gleam, and making a menacing gesture, he said in a hollow voice—

"We shall see!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE ENVOY.

After the count's somewhat precipitate retreat, and the mission intrusted to Don Annibal to detain him at the hacienda, if only for a few hours, the Mexican insurgents continued discussing in the hall the most fitting measures to obtain a speedy and good result for the new uprising which was preparing. Father Pelagio then informed the conspirators that this time the leaders of the revolutionary party wished to deal a heavy blow, and finish, at all risks, with the Spanish government. The secret societies spread over the country, and the recently-created masonic lodges, had, in a general meeting, elected as commander-in-chief of the national army Colonel Iturbide, whose well-known military talents were a guarantee of success.

Colonel Iturbide, who was destined hereafter to proclaim himself emperor, under the name of Augustine I., and fall beneath the bullets of his own subjects, who condemned him and mercilessly shot him, when he tried to regain the power he had allowed to slip from his grasp; Iturbide, we say, is the sole truly skillful statesman Mexico has produced since the revolution. He had served with distinction in the Spanish army, and had on several occasions displayed a devotion to the government which bordered on cruelty. Now that he was gained over to the revolution, nothing would arrest him in attaining the object of his secret ambition.

This time the Mexicans wished to avoid a serious fault into which they had previously fallen, and which had not only fairly compromised their cause but almost ruined it. This was the circumstance: When, in 1814, the Spanish armies, beaten in every encounter, seemed on the point of giving up the game, and yielding to the revolutionary turmoil, whose triumphant principles seemed solidly established on the territory of new Spain, General Morelos, at that time the most influential chief of the liberal party, whose ideas secretly inclined to a republic, established on the same basis as that of the United States, thought that the hour had arrived to convene a national congress.

This congress, at first composed of only a dozen members, began its session at Chimpancingo, where it promulgated decree upon decree; but the discussing power had scarce been established by side of the armed and acting power, ere, instead of combining their efforts for the triumph of the cause they had sworn to defend, they began contending together, each impeding the measures they should have taken in common, and by a deplorable conflict destroyed their means of action. The congress tried to restrict the power of the general-in-chief, and prevented on every occasion his operations, so that the latter found it almost impossible to act.

These internal dissensions gave the Spaniards time to regain their courage. The Mexican republic was dead ere it lived, and the insurgents were obliged a second time to undergo the yoke from which they fancied themselves for ever free.

As Colonel Iturbide and the chief of the liberal party were not yet quite ready to commence the insurrectionary movement, the great point was to wait, and, before all, gain time; for this Fray Pelagio only saw one plan: to send to the general commanding the province a messenger in order to make him certain proposals, and bearing a respectful petition addressed to the viceroy. During the absence of this ambassador, resistance would be quietly organized, and they would be ready to act when the signal for revolt was given by the chiefs. The conspirators enthusiastically applauded this proposal, which seemed to them fully to carry out the object proposed, namely, cheating the Spaniards. Still, when it came to select the ambassador, serious difficulties arose.

Most of the persons present were rich haciendaros, long known to belong to the liberal party, and whom the government carefully watched; many of them had had

THE SACRED COMPACT.

to undergo numerous annoyances either in their estates or their persons from the Spaniards, and they were not at all anxious to surrender themselves to the mercy of enemies whose summary treatment they were acquainted with. In fact, the Spanish generals made no scruple about hanging or shooting the insurgents who fell into their hands, and there was no plausible reason for supposing that they would respect the person of an ambassador, sent by men whom they regarded as rebels, and with whom the law of nations and of war need not be followed. Consequently each found an excuse to escape the dangerous honor of being sent to the general.

The question became difficult of solution. Father Pelagio only saw around him long-drawn faces, which foreboded no good for the execution of his plan; he was, therefore, considerably embarrassed and did not see how to escape the difficulty when Don Aurelio suddenly came to his help at the moment when he least expected it.

"Canarios!" the Mexican exclaimed, "it must be allowed, caballeros, that we are pulling singular faces, and bear a strong likeness to the rats in Yriarte's fable, that wished to bell the sleeping cat."

In spite of the gravity of the situation, this sally was so true that it unwrinkled all the foreheads, and caused a general laugh.

"In truth," Don Pelagio observed, "*Dios me perdone*, we look as if we did not know exactly what to resolve."

"Yet I fancy that nothing is easier than the choice we propose making."

"How so?" the priest asked.

"Whom do we want as ambassador? A true man; we are all so, I believe. Still this man must be through his position sufficiently free and independent to be able honorably to fulfil the important mission intrusted to him. Is it not so?"

"Yes, you are right," Fray Pelagio answered, not knowing what the hacendero wished to arrive at.

All the company, puzzled in the highest degree, looked anxiously at Don Aurelio, unable to detect what the result would be. The latter continued quietly, as he laid his hands on the Sumach's shoulder, who, very indifferent to what was said, was carelessly listening to the discussion as he leant on his rifle.

"Well, the man you seek is here," he said; "our excellent colonel—he alone can worthily fulfil this great and glorious mission."

"What?" the adventurer exclaimed, starting as if a snake had stung him, "no jokes, if you please. If it be a joke, I warn you that I consider it a poor one."

"I am not joking at all, colonel," the hacendero continued with a gracious smile, "on the contrary, I am speaking very seriously."

"Nonsense, my dear sir. Your idea may seem to you a good one, but, for my part, I consider it absurd and in every way impracticable. Hang it," he added, as he passed his hand round his neck, "I know the Spanish gentry, and am not at all anxious to go and thrust my head down the wolf's throat out of bravado."

Father Pelagio at once perceived what advantage this plan possessed for everybody, hence he resolved to carry it out, and convince the adventurer, who, in fact, was the only man who could risk, owing to his very insignificance, going to the Spanish authorities.

"You are mistaken, colonel," he said to the Canadian. "Don Aurelio's idea is an excellent one, and I gave you credit for such good sense that you will agree with me in a moment."

"I doubt it hugely, caballero. I confess that I am curious to know how you will set about proving to me that I must go and be hanged or shot for the greater benefit of your cause," he answered with an ironical smile.

"Oh, that is very easy, colonel. Understand me thoroughly."

"Oh, I am all ears."

"You alone can carry out this difficult duty, for the following reasons: in the first place you are a foreigner, a citizen of a country with which the Spanish government would think twice before seeking a quarrel; and then you are a colonel in our army. You may be sure that any insult offered to you will not be left unpunished, and that I, your general, will take an exemplary vengeance."

"All that is very fine," the adventurer answered with a grin. "I allow that the Spaniards will be unable to confiscate my property, for even if I possess any, it is, thank heaven, out of their reach. But they can imprison and even shoot me. That is of some importance, I suppose; and, once I am dead, will you restore me the life taken from me? What shall I care then for the more or less exemplary manner in which you avenge my death? I shall not be the less securely buried."

"I repeat to you that Spaniards will not dare touch a hair of your head; moreover, you will not go alone; the noble count whom you saw here just now will pledge himself to protect and defend you, for he will introduce you to the person to whom I am about to send you."

"Hum!" the adventurer continued, "all this is not very clear; but how do you know that the count will assume this responsibility? you have not yet asked him the question."

"No; but while your colonel's commission is being made out, and two months' advance are paid you for your outfit, I will go and speak to the count, and obtain his word that you shall incur no danger from the Spanish authorities, and that when your mission is completed, every security will be granted for your safe return."

The adventurer scratched his head as if very far from convinced. It was plain that, in spite of his general's explanations and the fine promises, he did not particularly care for the mission confided to him. Still, at the expiration of a moment, he drew himself up with a determined air, shook his head several times as if to drive away a troublesome idea, and said—

"Well, well, I see that madmen must always be madmen; so deuce take fear. The Spaniards, I suppose, are not more formidable than tigers; I shall not be sorry to have a nearer look at them, and so I accept your offer. When am I to start?"

"To-morrow, with the count; he will escort you to the general."

"That is settled."

"Now, give your name to Don Aurelio Gutierrez, in order that your commission may be filled up, and your letter of credit written."

"Good; my name is Oliver Clary, called the Sumach; this time I will not deny my name, for I believe that I shall see death pretty closely. I was born at Quebec, and I am thirty-two years of age. Is that enough, or do you want any further information?"

"No, Senor Don Oliver, that is more than sufficient; now I will leave you for a few moments, and settle matters with the count."

"Do so, general, I trust to your promise."

"Depend on me."

And Father Pelagio left the room. The adventurer was at once surrounded by the conspirators, who warmly thanked him for his devotion to their cause, and the courage with which he was going to face an imminent and terrible danger in order to serve it. The Canadian shrugged his shoulders, and quietly turned his back on them. So soon as his commission and letters of credit were ready, and he had received his money, he carefully placed all in his waist belt, and, making a sign to Moonshine, left the room with him.

We have already described in what way Father Pelagio obtained the count's assent; we will, therefore, not return to that subject, but merely state that the priest hastened to inform the Canadian, whom he met, of the success of his application, while warning him that he must be ready to start at sunrise of the next day.

"You know," he added, in a low voice, and with a smile, "that an ambassador must have eyes and ears; I trust to you to see and hear all that it may be useful for us to know."

"Good, good, leave me alone, I will prove to the Gachupinos that the Godos are not the only clever people, and that the Canadians are descended from the Normans; they will not catch a weasel asleep in me."

Father Pelagio exchanged a few more remarks with him, and then left, after wishing him success once again. The two Canadians then left the house and proceeded to the garden, where they sought the most secluded spot. On reaching one, where they did not fear being overheard, they stopped and sat down side by side on the ground.

"Friend Moonshine," the adventurer said, "I have brought you here because I wish to ask a service of you."

"I suspected it; speak, Oliver, you know that I am ready to do everything you wish."

"I do not know how I let myself be humbugged into accepting this confounded embassy, in which there are ninety chances in a hundred that I shall lose my hide; but what is done cannot be undone. Listen to me: during my absence you will take the command of my men, and I will give them orders to obey you as myself."

Moonshine gave a nod of assent.

"Now," the adventurer continued, "take this belt; it contains not only the gold I have just received, but also some savings of my own."

"What am I to do with it?"

"If I am killed by the Godos, I do not wish them to profit by my money. You will keep as much as you like, and send the rest to my old mother, you know where."

"I will send it all; I shall not need money, for if those brigands of Spaniards assassinate you I must revenge your death, and money will be useless to me."

"That is true; in that case you will send all. That is settled, thank you."

"There is nothing to thank me for; what you ask of me is simple."

"Yes, yes," the other said, with a shake of his head; "but who knows what turn matters will take?"

"Well, up to the present we have no cause to grumble, I fancy."

"It is true that we have succeeded in everything; my measures were so well taken that, without exciting the slightest suspicion, we managed to gain the very thing we aimed at; but we must wait for the end."

"Nonsense; we shall succeed; set your mind at rest about that, Sumach. Besides, our project is most honorable, as we wish to render a service to people to whom we do not owe the slightest obligation, and whom we do not even know."

"That is true. Well, let us trust to heaven. One last word."

"Out with it."

"Distrust that cunning-looking mayordomo. I know not why, but he inspires me with an invincible repulsion."

"All right; I will watch him."

"Very good: now let us go to dinner."

The two men rose and went back to the house as quiet and careless as if they had been conversing about indifferent matters. Immediately after dinner, the adventurer assembled his comrades, ordered them to recognize Moonshine as their chief during his absence, and then all his affairs being thus settled, he wrapped himself in his zarape, lay down on the ground, and almost immediately fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

DON MELCHIOR DIAZ.

Don Melchior Diaz's name has several times already slipped from our pen; the reader has been introduced to him, but up to the present we have not yet positively explained who he is or in what way he succeeded in gaining the position he occupies in the Saldibar family. The moment has arrived to make this known, and acquaint the reader with certain events most important for a proper understanding of coming facts.

When Sotavento handed over to Don Annibal de Saldibar the child saved from the general massacre of the Indian tribe, there was a fact which the mayor-domo passed over in silence. It was, that the lad whom he declared to have recovered from the Indians, had been simply confided to him by a white hunter, to whom he had scarce spoken, and who said to him at the same time as he handed him a bag of gold dust, which the mayor-domo did not think it necessary to mention either, as he doubtless preferred to appear thoroughly disinterested in his master's eyes—

"This child is born of white parents; one day he will be reclaimed; tell Don Annibal to take the greatest care of him."

Sotavento scented a mystery under these hints, and in the prospect of some profit to be made at a later date, kept to himself the hunter's remarks, and told his master some sort of story, which the latter believed, through the slight importance he attached to it. The lad had, therefore, been unhesitatingly accepted by Don Annibal, and brought up in the family for the first five years. The hacendero paid but little attention to him, amusing himself at times with his sallies, but taking very slight interest in him, and regarding him rather as a servant than as a member of the family destined to acquire considerable importance.

Don Aurelio, when he narrated to his companions the facts which caused Dona Emilia's insanity and the events that followed, had been unable to tell more than everybody knew, and comment on these events from his own point of sight. But a secret was kept in the inner circle of the family which Don Annibal was more careful not to permit to transpire, and which, consequently, Don Aurelio was ignorant of. The secret was this: Dona Emilia was not cured; her madness still endured; still this madness had become, so to speak, intermittent, and only made its appearance at settled intervals; but then her attacks acquired such strength that they became irresistible, and any constraint placed at such a moment on the patient's volition would infallibly have caused her death.

Don Annibal, as we have said, adored his wife. Several times he tried to calm her; he even went so far as to try and prevent her leaving the hacienda. But then such frightful scenes occurred, Dona Emilia fell into such horrible convulsions at the mere thought of not acting as she liked, that Don Annibal was obliged to restore her liberty. Dona Emilia when these attacks came upon her became a lioness; she had but one thought, one purpose, to rush in pursuit of the Indians, and pitilessly massacre them. Singular anomaly of the human heart, especially in a mild, kind, timid woman, whom the slightest pain caused to faint, and who, in ordinary times, could not endure the sight of blood. Dona Emilia, whom, by the physician's express orders, Don Annibal had not dared deprive of her daughter, had brought up her child in a hatred of the Red Skins, and seizing on her young imagination with that ascendancy which mothers possess, had succeeded, if not in completely making her share her ideas, at least in obtaining from her a passive and absolute obedience.

Melchior brought up, so to speak, haphazard at the haciendas, had, through the instinct of protecting innate in man, attached himself to Dona Diana, whom he saw sad, sickly, and suffering. Dona Diana, for her part, felt pity for the poor orphan, and from this mutual sympathy sprang a friendship which years had only consolidated by rendering it warmer. Don Annibal and Dona Emilia both saw with pleasure this affection spring up between the children, though from different motives. Don Annibal, who would not for anything in the world have thwarted his wife's ideas, saw with delight this boy grow up who, at a given moment, might become her defender and safeguard in her mad expeditions against the Indians; while Dona Emilia, reasoning from an entirely different point of view, though she attained the same result, saw in him a devoted and most useful ally in these same expeditions.

The result of this tacit understanding between husband and wife was that the boy, at first abandoned to his instincts, was watched with greater care, brought up as he deserved to be, and at last gradually regarded as a member of the family. Let us hasten to add that Don Melchior was in every respect deserving of the kindness shown him. He was a thoughtful, earnest lad, with an honest heart and firm will, who could thoroughly appreciate all that was done for his future well-being.

When the boy became a man, he was taken naturally into Dona Emilia's intimacy, and associated in all her plans. Don Annibal, delighted at this result, and trusting in the young man, whose good sentiments he had reason for believing he knew, felt relieved from a heavy burden; and when his wife, attacked by one of her fits, attempted one of her hazardous excursions, he saw her start with less terror, as he felt convinced that she had a devoted defender by her side. But a thing happened which neither husband nor wife had foreseen. The two young people, brought up side by side, living constantly together, accustomed to interchange their most secret thoughts and ideas, passed by an imperceptible incline, without either perceiving or suspecting it, from friendship to love. Love in these two young, ignorant hearts, which were pure from any wrong sentiment, must necessarily be deep, irresistible, and produce the effect of a thunderbolt.

This is what occurred: the two young people, instead of trying to resist the new feeling which was germinating in their hearts and growing so rapidly, yielded to it with that simple confidence which ignorance alone can give, and which converts love into a divine sentiment. Long before they had made a mutual avowal, they understood each other by a glance, and knew that they were henceforth attached to each other.

One day Dona Diana approached Melchior, who, with his shoulder leant against a sumach, was listlessly watching a flight of wild pigeons passing over his head. The young man was so absorbed in thought that he did not hear the maiden's light step, as her dainty feet made the sand of the walk she was following creak. It was only when her hand was laid on his shoulder that, recalled to earth from heaven, he started as if he had received an electric shock, turned suddenly, and fixed his eyes on Dona Diana. The young lady smiled.

"Were you dreaming?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied with a sigh; "I was dreaming, Nina."

She mechanically raised her eyes to the sky.

"Of those birds, doubtless? Did they bring you a hope or a regret?"

Melchior shook his head.

"Neither one nor the other," he said sorrowfully. "I have no regrets, and my sole hope is here."

The young lady looked down with a blush. There was a silence for some minutes, filled with ineffable melody for these young hearts; the lad was the first to speak.

"Alas!" he said, in a low and timid voice, "regrets are not made for me; what am I, save a lost child, whose color is not even decided? Can I regret a family I do not know?"

"Yes, that is true," she answered, with a roguish smile; "but you have a hope."

"A mad hope, an insensate dream, which the re-awakening of reason will utterly dispel," he said with feverish animation.

"You are deceived or wish to deceive me," she said, with some sternness in her voice; "that is not right, Melchior."

"Senorita—" he stammered.

The maiden walked softly up to him.

"We were brought up together," she said to him in a gentle and penetrating voice, "we grew up together, ever equally sharing our joys and sorrows; "is that true, Melchior?"

"It is," he murmured faintly.

"Why, then," she continued, "have you become so taciturn during the last few days? why do you shun me? why do you fly on my approach?"

"I?"

"You, brother, who ought to keep nothing hidden from me."

"Oh!"

"I repeat that you ought to keep nothing from me, for I am your oldest, perhaps your only friend."

"It is true, oh! it is true, Diana," he exclaimed, as he clasped his hands with passionate fervor, "you are my only friend."

"Why then keep a secret from me?"

"A secret!" he exclaimed, as he recoiled in horror.

"Yes, a secret; and I have discovered it, though you fancied you had locked it up in your heart."

The young man turned pale.

"Oh! take care, Nina," he exclaimed, "this secret I dare not confess to myself."

"That is the very reason why I discovered it, Melchior," she answered, with an adorable expression.

"Oh! it is impossible, Diana; you cannot know—"

"That you love me!" she interrupted him with an outburst. "Why not, since I love you?"

And she gazed at him with the sublime confidence of a chaste and true love—that divine and fugitive beam which God, in His ineffable goodness, only allows to shine in innocent and candid hearts. The young lover tottered like a drunken man; for a moment he thought he must be dreaming, for so much happiness surpassed all that he had ever dared to hope.

"You love me, Diana!" he at length exclaimed. "You love me! Oh! an eternity of suffering for this second of happiness!"

And he fell on his knees in front of the maiden. She looked at him for a moment with an expression of indescribable passion,

and then offered him her hand, which he covered with burning kisses.

"Rise, Melchior," she said to him, with considerable emotion. "Rise, my beloved. Let this holy love which binds us, and which we have mutually confessed, remain a secret from everybody. A day will come, and soon, I hope, when we shall be permitted to proclaim it openly; but till then let us hide our happiness."

The young man rose.

"I love you, Diana," he said. "I am your slave; order me, and I will obey."

"Alas, my beloved," she continued, with a sad shake of her head, "I can give you no orders, entreaty alone is permitted me."

"Oh, speak, speak, Diana," he exclaimed.

The maiden passed her arm through his with a sanguine, childish confidence.

"Come," she said, "accompany me a few paces, and we will talk about my mother."

Melchior shook his head sorrowfully, but said nothing.

"Poor mother!" Diana murmured.

"Oh, yes, most unhappy," the young man remarked with a sigh.

"I think you love my mother, dearest?"

"Is it not to her that I am indebted for being what I am!"

"Listen to me, Melchior," she said, resolutely; "we love each other, and some day you will be my husband; for I swear to you that I will never have another. As you see, I speak frankly and boldly, more so, perhaps, than a girl of my age and position ought to do; but you are an honorable man, and will never abuse the confession I have made you."

"Thanks," he said, simply. "Speak, Diana, speak. Your words are engraved in letters of fire on my heart."

"It is well, my friend. You, my mother, and my father, occupy all my affections. It is a holy trinity, to which I will never break faith. You know in what a horrible position my mother finds herself, and what fearful hallucinations seize upon her."

"Alas!"

"Well! swear to me that whatever may occur, you will never fail in the mission I have taken on myself, and of which I confide to you one-half from this day; swear to me that, under all circumstances, you will remain by her side to defend her, and die for her if it must be so. At this price, I repeat to you, Melchior, at this price my love is yours forever; and no other man but yourself shall ever be my husband."

The young man tried to interrupt her; but she imposed silence on him by a sudden and peremptory gesture, and continued—

"Oh! I know what a frightful sacrifice I impose on you, brother; but I, who am but a girl, still a child I may say, endure without complaining, all the consequences of these ferocious acts of vengeance which I dare not qualify as madness. Alas, Melchior, the fearful disease to which my poor mother is condemned dates from the period of my birth. I am, so to speak, the innocent cause of it; hence it is my duty to sacrifice myself, whatever it may cost me, in order to try if possible to relieve her frightful sufferings, which, in the paroxysm of a horrible crisis, will perhaps entail my death and hers; for I do not conceal from myself, brother, that the day must arrive when the Red Skins will take their revenge for my mother's implacable expeditions. But then, if I succumb, I shall at least fall with the incomparable satisfaction of having done my duty by sacrificing myself for her to whom I owe my life."

"Dismiss such gloomy thoughts, Diana. Your mother is growing calmer with age. The expeditions, as you know, are more and more rare, the attacks less frequent, and soon, perhaps, we shall have the happiness of seeing them entirely disappear."

"I dare not flatter myself with that hope, my dear Melchoir. No, no. Unless a miracle occurs, my mother will fall a victim to her monomania for vengeance on the Red Skins."

"My dear Diana, there are now two of us to devote ourselves to her. God is too just and good to desire the ruin of two innocent children who have never offended Him. You have my word, and my life belongs to you and to your mother; employ it as a thing that is your own. On the day when I lose it in serving you and saving you from sorrow, I shall be the happiest of men."

"Thanks, Melchior; I knew that I could reckon on you. Your generous words restore the courage which was fast deserting me. I will not break down in the task I have imposed on myself; henceforth we belong to one another, no matter what obstacles may arise."

From this day the compact was made between the young people—a sacred compact, which neither broke, and which was fated to have terrible consequences for them at a later date. But an invisible witness had overheard their conversation. This witness, whom they had not seen gliding like a snake through the shrubs, and listening to all their remarks with the greatest attention, was Pedro Sotavento, mayor-domo of the hacienda. What interest had this man in thus overhearing their conversation? He alone knew; for beneath an affable and inoffensive appearance, he concealed a deeply ulcerated heart, and evidently followed a plan resolved on long before, the realization of which would burst like a thunder-clap upon those whose ruin he had so long mediated.

Sotavento kept to himself his knowledge of the love of the young people, which he had so treacherously surprised. He never ventured, in their presence, on the slightest allusion which might lead them to suspect that he was aware of it. On the contrary, he increased his politeness towards Melchior, and seemed trying, by overtures adroitly made each time an opportunity offered, to gain his confidence. This, however, let us hasten to add, he never succeeded in doing; for the young man felt for the worthy steward an instinctive and invincible aversion, which stopped in his throat a confession he was several times on the point of making to him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"DO STEAMBOATS RUN ABOVE OMAHA?" Not long ago, the President of a New York bank inquired of a Western friend, "Do steamboats run above Omaha?" An exchange makes this question the basis of an entertaining article. And it may not be fully realized by others, besides the President of that bank, that steamers do run twenty-three hundred and sixty-eight miles above Omaha, diagonally across Dakota, into the very heart of Montana, to Fort Benton. The Eastern conception of the extent and rapid growth of the West is very vague. A good investment for every family would be made by purchasing one of the latest and best maps of the United States, and spending half an hour every evening in social study of our great country.

DIEGO, THE MOUNTAIN PATRIOT.

CHAPTER III.

"But what shall I do with Corrientez?"

"While the attention of the rabble is attracted toward the first carriage, believing it to contain the robber, you can have that villain taken into a second carriage and driven rapidly away to the dungeons of St. Marguerite. Once there, we can mould him to our purpose by torture."

"Your plan is a good one, and shall be acted upon."

St. Rosa was at once conducted into a carriage, and driven rapidly away, while several of the guard rode after the vehicle, and others advanced in different directions, proclaiming in a loud voice, that Durango had given back the life of Corrientez, on account of his brave and noble act in saving St. Rosa.

While this was transpiring, and the masses were giving vent to their satisfaction by loud cheering, another carriage had been brought up, and the patriot thrust into it.

It was then driven rapidly away, and the officials believed it to be unnoticed.

But scarcely had the vehicle left the scaffold before a horseman followed it, although he rode along with apparent unconcern, and lagged a considerable distance in the rear.

He plainly saw Diego as he entered the dismal prison, and in passing, he heard the clanking of the heavy door as it closed upon him.

Quickly the horseman returned to the square. The sight which met his gaze was a sad one. The killed and wounded—those who had been so brutally cut down by the guard—were being gathered up by their surviving friends.

But sorrow was not the only emotion felt by them. A feeling of revenge was burning within their breasts, and some of them gave vent to curses. Others even expressed a determination to join the band of Corrientez, and to assist that leader in his effort to overthrow the oppressors of Mexico; and his name was called, at first in low tones, and then louder and louder, until the sound became as rolling thunder.

"Corrientez cannot answer you; he is a prisoner in the dungeons of St. Marguerite," exclaimed the horseman, addressing those standing near him.

He then explained what he had heard and seen. It embraced an exposition of the deception practiced by Durango; and rapidly the tidings flew that Corrientez had only been spared from the scaffold, in order that he might suffer death in a more horrible manner—by torture.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE DUNGEONS.

As soon as Corrientez was secure within the prison-walls, a feeling of relief came over Durango. But he now felt a more bitter hatred towards the man than he had ever done before, and he was fully resolved to triumph in this present instance.

He at once ordered the heaviest chains upon the prisoner. His next care was to have every pass towards the mountains thoroughly guarded, and to permit no one to leave the city, no matter under what pretext, without a written order from himself.

Then he explained to Diego the deception he had practised upon the people, and said,

"Your death is now certain. Still you may save yourself from torture."

"In what manner?" asked Diego.

"You assure me that your wife has my child in her possession."

"I assure you that she has."

"And you know where she is to be found?"

"Yes; at the mouth of the volcano."

"I have been thinking of this, and I know that you are speaking falsely. It would be impossible for any person to approach the crater during this eruption. It may be that my child is in the possession of your wife. I have no doubt that such is the case. But I feel confident that she is somewhere in the city."

"Ganting that she is in the city, and that you can find her after a time, what will that benefit you?"

"Will you not restore my daughter to me?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"She will retain the child unharmed, until she find that you have played me false, or murdered me. Then it would be too late, even if you were within sound of your Lettie's voice, for a frantic wife is rapid in action, and a single blow will destroy life."

"You do not know my plans."

"Will you explain them to me?"

"Certainly, for it gives me pleasure to dwell upon them, and to show you how I can triumph, even over Diego Corrientez."

"I will listen."

"In the first place you shall tell me where I can find your wife."

"Are you sure I will do this?"

"I am sure of one out of two things. You will be at once subjected to the most terrible torture. I know that you are a determined man, and would bear much; but I think you will be glad to do all that I wish before I am through with you."

"What if I do not give you the information you want?"

"Then you will meet death in its most horrible form."

"Certainly, if you murder me; but there then will be an end to the possibility of my giving you any information."

"It is a matter of indifference to me whether you do so or not. I torture you more for revenge than anything else. I shall find my child, you may be sure of that."

"How will you do it?"

"If at once you give me such information as will lead to the immediate recovery of Lettie, I will not subject you to torture, but simply order your execution by hanging. If you do not do this, as soon as you are dead, I will have it so proclaimed in the public streets. I will also have it given out that if your wife will bring my daughter to me she shall not be harmed, but shall receive her own in exchange. When she learns that you are dead, she may feel like being revenged upon me, but she will not carry that revenge so far as to sacrifice her own infant, by destroying mine."

"You may be right so far as the mother's feelings are concerned. But she will act upon her judgment, and not be guided by the dictates of her heart."

"What do you mean by judgment?"

"She knows that you are a merciless monster. She knows, also, that your word cannot be relied upon. She would expect that you would play her false. You would promise an exchange, and that she should not be harmed; but the instant she placed herself in your power, you would violate your word, imprison, or perhaps murder her, and still refuse to give up her own infant. Knowing, or believing that you would so act, she would feel that only revenge was left her, and she would have it."

"I shall run the venture, at all events. Men, place this wretch upon the rack at once!"

The minions of Durango needed no second bidding. They were fiends who delighted in human suffering. The cries of agony, which were often wrung from suffering humanity, was music to their ears. The streams of blood which sometimes ran from the block, had nothing of horror in it for them. The agonized throes of the dying were only mocked by these incarnate devils.

They seized upon Diego at once, and applied the pulleys to his joints until they cracked, and appeared ready to part.

But the victim did not even moan.

For two hours the torture continued. Every manner of punishment, was inflicted upon him, but still the man remained firm, although the blood had forsaken his cheeks, and the agonies of death were pictured in his expression.

As each new form of torture was applied, the question was asked: "Will you give the information we require?"

At first the answer was firm, and even defiant; but as each subsequent reply was given, the voice became weaker, and finally the lips moved, but no sound came from them.

The sufferer appeared to be conscious of this, and he gave his negative reply by a shake of his head. It was evident the victim could not endure much more.

At this instant, a messenger entered hastily, and whispered a few words to Durango.

The villain instantly ordered that the torture should cease, and Diego was removed to a couch; and restoratives applied to him. Soon he so far recovered as to be able to speak. Observing this, Durango said—

"I spare you but for a short time. You shall learn presently my reasons for doing so."

"I can judge that your motive is a selfish one."

"It is simply to render my revenge the more complete."

"How so?"

"By allowing you to gaze upon my triumph before I draw your last drop of blood from your heart." Then turning to the messenger, he said: "The guards are ready, I suppose!"

"They are all ready."

"Lead on—I will follow you. Corrientez, I will return here in an hour, and I will show you an interesting sight."

CHAPTER V.

THE PATRIOT'S WIFE.

The merciless wretch left the prison, and sprang into a carriage, ordering that he should be driven to a building which adjoined the Capitol. As they proceeded, Durango asked of the messenger—

"How did you happen to discover the woman?"

"It was in this way: I was passing your mansion this morning, and when upon the opposite side of the street, I saw a person, who appeared to be a boy, coming out of your door. He held a child in his arms. I don't know that this would have attracted my attention at all, but from the fact that I saw the child had no covering upon its head. Well, after being once thus attracted, and my suspicions aroused, I saw that the boy appeared to be in a very great hurry, and that he made an effort to conceal the child."

"Oh, the villain!"

"Then I became satisfied that the child-thief, as I believed the person to be, was a woman in disguise."

"Yes, it was the wife of Corrientez."

"Of course I resolved to follow the thief. I saw her enter the main hall of the Capitol. I was close upon her heels. She ascended to the attic, and then passed through the scuttle on the roof.

"I ascended the ladder and peered through the opening, just in time to see her disappear down the scuttle of the next building, which was unoccupied."

"I remember the building."

"I then crept to the scuttle and listened. I heard her close a door, and then I could hear her steps in one of the atic-rooms. I also heard the child cry."

"Did you not notify the police at once?"

"No, I had other views."

"What were they?"

"I confess I had an eye to the reward you would be willing to pay for the recovery of your child and the detection of the thief."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Not caring to share that reward with any person, I resolved to manage the matter myself. I went into the square, and glancing up, I saw the woman at the window. I then made all possible haste to your mansion, but you were not there."

"Did you tell my wife that you knew where the child could be found?"

"I did not. I contented myself simply with ascertaining the fact that you had lost a daughter. I sought for you at once, but you were so much engaged upon the scaffold, that I could not gain your attention, and resolved to wait."

"In the meantime, the woman might have escaped."

"I was careful about that. I saw that she did not leave the window. When you left the scaffold, I lost sight of you, but at length succeeded in finding you here."

"Are you sure the woman is still in the house?"

"Yes, for I have set a guard around it."

By this time the building was reached, and Durango sprang out of the carriage. He gave directions for some of his guards to ascend to the roof, and then he entered the front-door. Stationing men in every room and hall, as he advanced, he finally reached the attic. Just as he did so his eyes fell upon the woman. She held the child in her arms, and was rapidly climbing up a ladder towards the roof.

"Stop her, seize her!" shrieked Durango, rushing after her. He reached the roof, but saw that Cora had rushed past the guard, and was now standing upon the very verge of the roof.

Durango advanced toward the woman, but she raised the little one high above her head, as if she was about to hurl it forward into the street, and cried—

"Stop! Don't advance another step, or you will have no more a daughter."

"What would you have with me?"

"Bring me my child, and then you may have your own."

"Don't kill me, please, don't kill me," sobbed the little girl, as she put up her hands in an imploring manner.

Cora clasped the little innocent creature to her bosom, and replied—

"No, my darling angel, you have nothing to fear from me. I would die ten thousand deaths, if it were possible to do so, and even lose my own child, before I would harm you. It is hard to be compelled to use you as a weapon to coerce your villainous father, but heaven will pardon me for doing it; and so will you when you are old enough to understand a mother's heart."

Those around did not hear these words, for they were spoken in a very low tone, but the manner of the woman instantly changed, as she again raised the child, and cried—

"Bring me my baby, ye monsters, and do it quickly, or you may be too late. I am half-maddened, and I know not what I may do."

"A messenger has gone for your child," replied Durago. "It will be here in five minutes."

"And when we have exchanged, what action will you take?"

"With regard to what?"

"First, my husband; will you release him?"

"I have already done so."

"And myself and child?"

"You shall be free to go wherever you please."

At this moment a soldier came upon the roof. He bore an infant in his arms, and he held it toward the mother.

Poor Cora uttered a cry of joy, and springing forward, she threw little Lettie into the arms of her father, and then, catching her own infant, she clasped it convulsively to her breast, and sinking down, she burst into tears.

For a moment Durango regarded her in silence, and then he said—

"Seize her, and drag her to the dungeons of the St. Marguerite. Tear the child from her and pitch it into the street. Away with her."

Cora sprang to her feet. Her eyes glared wildly, and she cried—

"Wretch, is this the way you keep your promises to me?"

"Yes—seize her."

The little innocent was again torn from its mother's arms. That mother struggled in very desperation, while her shrieks rent the air. Then she became unconscious.

In this condition the poor creature was conveyed to the prison where her husband was held. But by the time she arrived there, she had recovered.

The instant she saw Diego, she rushed to his side, and exclaimed—

"Oh, my husband, they have triumphed, and we are lost."

"Our child?"

"It is—oh, I cannot speak!"

"I will speak for her," cried Durango. "Your child has been dashed into pieces by being hurled from the top of the Capitol into the street."

"And you did this?"

"It was done by my orders."

"And your own child?"

"My child has been recovered, and is now safe at my mansion, and with its mother."

"Why have you brought my wife here?"

"To permit her to witness your death. After you are gone, then will come her turn. Do your work, men. I will learn these wretches to cross the path of Pedro Durango."

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

Diego Corrientez was not the man to call upon his band for assistance in any ordinary case, or when a matter referred especially to himself. He had, therefore, undertaken his present task without consulting any of them. They did not know even the motive which led their chief to the city.

It so happened, however, that several of them had arrived just in time to see Diego taken from the scaffold, and carried to the prison. The horseman, who had followed the carriage, was one of the band.

While the crowd were still upon the square, their feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, they saw Cora appear upon the roof of the Capitol, and raise the child as if to plunge it into the street below. A shudder ran through the multitude, and they held their breath in suspense.

It was only a short time before this member of the patriot-band had learned all the particulars, and he mounted the scaffold, and calling the citizens around him, he repeated everything to them.

"Where is the woman?" was the general cry.

"Durango has taken her to the prison of St. Marguerite, for the purpose of torturing her with her husband. Shall we suffer this?"

"No—no!" cried the populace."

"Will you join me in saving both her and Diego?"

"Yes, we will—we will!"

"Look around you. See your murdered friends. If Corrientez were ruler, such scenes as this would no more disgrace our land."

"Corrientez shall be our ruler, let us haste to his rescue."

"But the guard will come upon us,"

"Let them come! We will show them that we are no longer slaves. Lead us on."

At this instant Lazaro Arispe saw the soldiers bringing the children of Durango and Diego along the street. They turned towards the mansion.

"Let us rescue the child and return it to its mother," cried Lazaro, as he rushed forward, sword in hand.

He had now fully aroused the citizens, and with frantic shrieks they followed him. The children were both seized, and those who bore them stricken down.

By this time the guard had collected, and they made a furious charge among the people. But they now met a determined foe, and not a craven rabble.

The struggle became a desperate one. The blows of the soldiers were given with fearful results, and as each man fell under the steel, a defiant shout was sent back, and a guard stricken to the earth. The people appeared to be fairly maddened, and they never thought of yielding.

At length the soldiers saw that more than half their numbers had fallen, and they became panic-stricken. Turning, they fled from the square, leaving the rabble, whom they so detested, and professed to despise, the victors.

"To the prison! to the prison!" now came the cry.

Like giant billows, that mass of human beings surged towards the dungeons of St. Marguerite, their shrieks rending the air. Mingled with their cries, the name of Durango was uttered, and vengeance against him was breathed by lips that never before demanded blood.

Lazaro reached the prison door, and entered.

The instant Cora saw her child, she caught it in her arms with a cry of wild delight. She also received little Lettie, who now clung to the woman for protection in her fright.

Diego was instantly released.

"Where are my guards?" shouted Durango, as he saw the infuriated mass of human beings rushing upon him.

But in an instant the wretch was seized. He groaned, he shrieked, and he struggled, but all to no purpose.

"To the scaffold with the wretch!" arose the cry.

Back the crowd went, dragging the tyrant with them. He begged, he prayed, and wept, but his prayers and tears availed him nothing.

Upon the scaffold he was dragged, and the rope was placed around his neck.

"Up with the villain!" was the cry.

"God have mercy upon me!" shrieked the doomed man.

Those were the last words he ever uttered, for, in an instant after, he was dangling in the air.

When all was over, a weeping woman came to Cora Corrientez, and falling on her knees, she lifted her hands, and in a voice of anguish, exclaimed—

"I am husbandless; but, oh! do not tell me that I am childless, too."

"You are Bertha Durango, the mother of little Lettie?"

"Yes—oh! yes."

"You need not grieve. I have been childless for only a few hours, but I have suffered an age of misery during that short period. I know a mother's love and have a mother's heart. Your child awaits you. Come, and it shall soon be in your arms."

Little more need be related.

Diego Corrientez recovered at length from his grievous injuries, and, when the war for Mexican Independence came, joined the Patriot army against the Spaniards. And as he had been driven to a wild life by oppression, so when the day of Freedom dawned, he became an orderly, industrious, and reputable citizen. A blessed thing it would be for Mexico, if all of her sons were as brave in war, and order-loving in peace, as Diego Corrientez.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

IMPORTANT TO THE MILLION!

A Perfect Time-Piece for Only $1.12.

In the introduction of this new, cheap and durable time-piece, the public have truly been benefitted. The costly watches will soon have to be withdrawn from the market as this cheap but certain way of denoting the Time must surely take their place. This article has been used in France for the past three years, and we have the pleasure and the satisfaction of introducing to the American public, this, an article which must find its way into every person's possession. The monopoly which has heretofore existed in the watch business must cease as fast as this is introduced. It cannot get out of order unless it is entirely destroyed, and then a new one can be replaced for the small sum of $1.12. There is not a person in the land but would like to carry the time with them, but heretofore have been unable to do so on account of the cost of a good watch. No matter what it costs it is liable to get out of order, and the amount paid to jewelers in a year or two generally exceeds the original cost of the watch. No business man can be without the time unless at a great inconvenience to themselves, and to purchase a good watch generally seems throwing money away, and for a person to carry a poor watch is little better than none. It is quite often the case that a person cannot spare enough money to put himself in possession of a watch—even be it a cheap one. The working class of our citizens generally rely on their employers for the time to commence and to stop work, and often it is the case where they are cheated of several minutes before and after time which amounts to a snug little sum in the course of a month to the bosses. It can be said that this new time-piece far excels anything ever offered to the world, and every person can hereafter carry the time with them. It requires but a few words on our part to sell them, for the American people can see for themselves what it is, and they are the judges. The millions who have been until now unsupplied with a correct time-piece can hereafter have the minutes with them. There can be no getting out of order of this article, for it is as simple as a chain, and unless entirely destroyed is correct. No watch or clock in the world can compete with it for time. It is as correct as the moon. It requires no winding up or setting and is warranted for one year, and any parties who are in the least dissatisfied can return it to the manufacturers and their money will be refunded. Until within a few months it has been used in France only, and we are the only authorized American agents for its sale. No other house in the Union can furnish it yet, and persons wishing it must obtain them of us. Beware of spurious imitations and counterfeits. It is the beneficial results of the study of a French watchmaker for 20 years, and the world must judge as to its merits. No article can compete with it. A long felt want is now supplied

Address all orders to the American agents.

Single time-pieces sent, post-paid, for $1.12 or five for $5, which is our only terms. When addressing us use as few words as possible, and them to the point. Agents are required to make an affidavit before we give them territory.

Address CHARLES M. WELLS, Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

"PENN LETTER-BOOK,"

a new method of copying letters without Press of Water, thereby saving time, labor, and expense. Full directions accompany each book. It recommends itself, and fills a long-felt want, being adapted to merchants, lawyers, doctors, commercial travellers, ministers, authors, mechanics, farmers, &c. Price, $2.25 and upward. Send for terms, with descriptive circulars, testimonials, &c. Address P. GARRETT & CO., No. 702 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., or No. 122 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. oct24-2t

AGENTS WANTED.—THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; Or, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES, is the title of one of the best family Medical Books (of 408 pages, *beautifully illustrated*,) that has ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, the large commission allowed, *and from the fact it cannot be had at the Bookstores*, enable a good agent to make easily from $10 to $20 per day. Price of one book, if sent by mail, $2. Address, for full particulars, the Author and Publisher, Dr. C. PHELPS BROWN, oct17-2t 10 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 740 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, now open. For circulars address C. E. HILTON, A. M., GWYNEDD, Montgomery Co., Pa., or apply personally at the College. oct3-2m

$2000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES TO AGENTS to introduce the *Wilson Sewing Machine. Stitch alike on both sides. Samples on 2 weeks trial.* Extra inducements to experienced agents. For further particulars, address the WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. aug29-13t

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c., ₩ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₩ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
jy4-tf

CARVED AND ORNAMENTAL

MARBLE WORKS,

Green Street, Above Seventh,

PHILADELPHIA.

H. S. TARR & SON.
oct17-4t

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

OFFERS GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets $1,000,000
Annual Income 500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 30 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $300,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is not forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after one Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. B. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
320 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

VERMONT SPRING.

This Spring, which has become so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly deemed incurable, is on the Missisquoi River, in Sheldon, Vt. Among the diseases actually cured are Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, Diseases of the Skin, the Eye, the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain; and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

Its claims are based solely upon its merits.

It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows that it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full: "*Vermont Spring, SAXE & CO., Sheldon, Vt.*"

Send for pamphlets.

The water is sold by the principal Druggists, and at the Spring, and by SAXE & CO.,
417 Broome St., New York,
and by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
sep5-13t 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"THE BLUE-COATS,

And How they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union, with Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion." It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the quickest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy. Send for circulars and see our terms, and full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. oct17-tf

AGENTS WANTED.
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF THE
GREAT REBELLION.

Containing Thrilling Adventures, Daring Deeds, Startling Exploits, and Marvellous Escapes of Spies, Scouts, and Detectives.

The cheapest, most complete and intensely interesting war book published, containing over 500 pages and numerous engravings. Price only $2.75. Send for circular and terms.

Also, FAMILY QUARTO BIBLES, best edition published. WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher,
No. 26 South SEVENTH, Philadelphia.
aug15-2m

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

SECURE A HOME

IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

THE

Emigrant Homestead Association

OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the laws of the State, November 30th, 1867, for the purpose of providing

HOME FOR ITS MEMBERS

and to encourage emigration.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000.

Divided into 200,000 shares at $5 each, payable in

U. S. CURRENCY.

Certificates of stock issued to subscribers immediately upon receipt of the money.

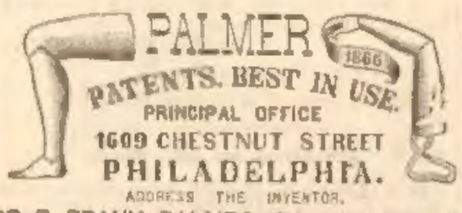
NO PERSON ALLOWED TO HOLD MORE THAN FIVE SHARES.

A circular containing a full description of the property to be distributed among the shareholders will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamps to cover return postage.

Information as to price of land in any portion of the State, or upon any other subject of interest to parties proposing to emigrate, will be cheerfully furnished upon receipt of stamps for postage.

All letters should be addressed

Secretary Emigrant Homestead Association,
Post Office Box No. 86,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
sep12-2m



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A. A. LINS C'Y

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information *for persons in want of limbs*, sent *free* to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known *LINCOLN ARM* is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed.
oct20-1y

PRINCE & CO'S.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
je6-6m

"We challenge investigation from any and all quarters as to the legitimate and straightforward character of our business."

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S

ONE-PRICE SALE.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER SO NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, SILKS, COTTONS, BOOTS & SHOES, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

which are actually selling at an average price of **One Dollar for each article.**

THE LADIES

are specially invited to give us a trial.

To parties sending in clubs of from 5 to 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

Club of 30—Twenty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 60—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 100—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND EXCHANGE LIST.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each; 20 for $3; 50 for $5; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter-up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should not be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-2m

TO AMERICAN TRAPPERS.

Being practically acquainted with the system of catching the Fur-bearing animals, I have published receipts setting forth the best modes known for catching the Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Marten and Mink. Also, receipts for making the best scents known to drawn the above animals to the traps. Any person in the United States sending me $1.25, American currency, by mail, paid and registered, will receive in return a full set of my receipts, which I have been selling for the past four years, and so far as I am aware they have given general satisfaction. Address P. PENNOCK, Elgin P. O., Leeds Co., Ontario, Canada. oct17-6t

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

WOMAN.

FEMALES, owing to the peculiar and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contributes in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various female complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and ere long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands simple specifics which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of those troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Hundreds suffer on in silence, and hundreds of others apply vainly to druggists and doctors, who either merely tantalize them with the hope of a cure or apply remedies which make them worse. I would not wish to assert anything that would do injustice to the afflicted, but I am obliged to say that although it may be produced from excessive exhaustion of the powers of life, by laborious employment, unwholesome air and food, profuse menstruation, the use of tea and coffee, and frequent childbirth, it is far oftener caused by direct irritation, applied to the mucous membrane of the vagina itself.

When reviewing the causes of these distressing complaints, it is most painful to contemplate the attendant evils consequent upon them. It is but simple justice to the subject to enumerate a few of the many additional causes which so largely affect the life, health, and happiness of woman in all classes of society, and which, consequently, affect more or less directly, the welfare of the entire human family. The mania that exists for precocious education and marriage, causes the years that nature designed for corporeal development to be wasted and perverted in the restraints of dress, the early confinement of school, and especially in the unhealthy excitement of the ball room. Thus, with the body half-clothed, and the mind unduly excited by pleasure, perverting in midnight revel the hours designed by nature for sleep and rest, the work of destruction is half accomplished.

In consequence of this early strain upon her system, unnecessary effort is required by the delicate votary to retain her situation in school at a later day, thus aggravating the evil. When one excitement is over, another in prospective keeps the mind morbidly sensitive to impression, while the now constant restraint of fashionable dress, absolutely forbidding the exercise indispensable to the attainment and retention of organic health and strength; the exposure to night air; the sudden change of temperature; the complete prostration produced by excessive dancing, must, of necessity, produce their legitimate effect. At last, an early marriage caps the climax of misery, and the unfortunate one, hitherto so utterly regardless of the plain dictates and remonstrances of her delicate nature, becomes an unwilling subject of medical treatment. This is but a truthful picture of the experience of thousands of our young women.

Long before the ability to exercise the functions of the generative organs, they require an education of their peculiar nervous system, composed of what is called the tissue, which is, in common with the female breast and lips, evidently under the control of mental emotions and associations at an early period of life; and, as we shall subsequently see, these emotions, when excessive, lead, long before puberity, to habits which sap the very life of their victims are nature has self completed their development.

For Female Weakness and Debility, Whites or Leucorrhœa, Too Profuse Menstruation, Exhausting, Too Long Continued Periods, for Prolapsus and Bearing Down, or Prolapsus Uteri, we offer the most perfect specific known:

HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Directions for use, diet, and advice, accompany.

Females in every period of life, from infancy to extreme old age, will find it a remedy to aid nature in the discharge of its functions. Strength is the glory of manhood and womanhood.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

is more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron, infinitely safer, and more pleasant.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

having received the endorsement of the most prominent physicians in the United States, is now offered to afflicted humanity as a certain cure for the following diseases and symptoms, from whatever cause originating: General Debility, Mental and Physical Depression, Imbecility, Determination of Blood to the Head, Confused Ideas, Hysteria, General Irritability, Restlessness and Sleeplessness at Night, Absence of Muscular Efficiency, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, Low Spirits, Disorganization or Paralysis of the Organs of Generation, Palpitation of the Heart, and, in fact, all the concomitants of a Nervous and Debilitated state of the system. To insure the genuine, cut this out. Ask for

HELMBOLD'S.

Take no other. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price $1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications. Address

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE,

594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN STEEL-ENGRAVED WRAPPER, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD.
sep26-cow 17t

SUPERIOR IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equalled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. We are also manufacturing Ladies' and Gents watches of extra fine and superior finish. Price $20. These are fully equal in appearance and time to gold ones costing two hundred dollars. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs.)

☞ *TO CLUBS.*—Where *SIX WATCHES* are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch making *SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.*

☞ CAUTION.—Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us. oct3-3m

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je12-1y

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
mar14-tf Philadelphia.

THE ORIGINAL ONE DOLLAR

BROKER STORE, ESTABLISHED IN 1863.—Our stock, consisting of every variety of DRY and FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, GLASS WARE, WOOLEN and HEMP CARPETINGS, STRAW MATTINGS, and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, is of our own importation, or purchased directly from the manufacturers, in large quantities.

☞ We were the first to commence the sale of goods on the popular plan of **ONE DOLLAR for EACH ARTICLE.** Our sales, for the last twelve months, have been about one million dollars.

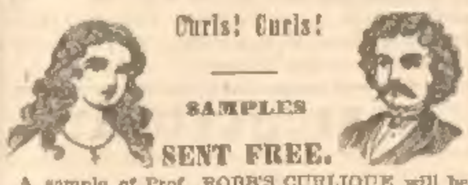
☞ **Our business has been decided by the Courts of this State, and by the United States authorities, not to be a Lottery, or a Gift Enterprise, but a regular legitimate business.**

Terms of sale for Club of $5, a selection of one of the following articles:—20 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Poplin or Alpaca Dress pattern. Wool Square Shawl. 2½ yards Doeskin. An 8 day Clock, Seth Thomas' make. 1 pair gent's Calf Boots. White Marseilles Quilt. Silver plated Chased Castor with 6 bottles. A Morocco Photograph Album, 100 pictures. 3 yards 6-4 Wool Cloth. Silver plated Cake Basket. 36 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality. Also, printed notices of 60 articles, for sale at $1 for each article, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail at prices from $1.50 to $5 for each article.

For a Club of $10, a selection of one of the following articles:—40 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Dress patterns, price $10. Wool Long Shawl. Broche Long Shawl. 2 yards Black German Broad Cloth. Common Sense Sewing Machine, price $18—(these machines will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider, in a most superior manner.) Gent's or Ladies' Silver Hunting Case Watch, new. 25 yards Hemp Carpeting. 3 yards Beaver Cloth. 6½ yards good Doeskin. Silver plated Ice Pitcher. 6 yds. Wool Cloth, double width. 1 pair superior Blankets. 72 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality, and 120 printed notices of articles for sale at $1 each, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail from $1.50 to $10 for each article.

☞ FOR ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR. SEND A DRAFT, POSTAL MONEY ORDER, or REGISTERED LETTER. Be sure and direct your letters to

ANDREWS & CO.,
106 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
oct10-4t



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. aug1-3m

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS and a 30 cent stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free, together with the 30 cent stamp by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

CORNS BUNIONS, BADNAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Allexanior* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y. je6-1y

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. aug15-2m

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-3t

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?—An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamped envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. oct3-3m

THE SUCCESS

Of our One Dollar Sale has caused such

A COMPLETE

REVOLUTION

IN TRADE.

That in order to supply the demand occasioned by our constantly increasing **patronage, we have recently made importations for the fall trade, direct from European Manufacturers**

Amounting to Nearly $500,000,

So that we are prepared to sell every description of

Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches, Albums, Jewelry, &c.

Of better quality than any other concern in the country for the uniform price of

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE,

With privilege of exchange from a large variety of useful articles, not one of which could be bought for twice the amount in any other way.

☞ The best of Boston and New York references given as to the reliability of our house, and that our business is conducted in the fairest and most legitimate manner possible, and that we give greater value for the money than can be obtained in any other way.

All goods damaged or broken in transportation replaced without charge.

☞ Checks describing articles sold sent to agents in clubs at rates mentioned below. We guarantee every article to cost less than if bought at any Boston or New York wholesale house.

Our Commissions to Agents

Exceed those of every other establishment of the kind,—proof of this can be found in comparing our premiums with those of others FOR CLUBS OF THE SAME SIZE, in addition to which we claim to give better goods of the same character.

We will send to Agents free of charge,

For a Club of 30 and Three Dollars—One of the following articles: 1 doz. good Linen Shirt Fronts. 1 set Solid Gold Studs. All Wool Cashmere for Pants. Fine white Counterpane, large size. 1 elegant Balmoral Skirt. 20 yards brown or bleached Sheeting, good quality, yard wide. 1 elegant 100 Picture Morocco-bound Photo. Album. 1 double lens Stereoscope and 12 Foreign Views. 1 silver plated engraved 5 bottle Castor. 1 elegant Silk Fan, with Ivory or Sandal Wood Frame, feathered edge and spangled. 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork, very best quality, ivory balanced handle. 1 handsome bended and lined Parasol. 20 yds. good Print. 1 very fine Damask Table Cover. 1 pr. best quality Ladies' Serge Congress Boots. 1 doz. fine Linen Towels. Half doz. Rogers' best Silver Dessert Forks. 1 Ladies' large real Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 fancy dress pattern. Half doz. elegant Silver plated engraved Napkin Rings. 1 doz. Ladies' fine Merino or Cotton Stockings. Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring. 1 pr. Ladies' high cut Balmoral Boots. 1 elegant Delaine Dress Pattern. 1 Violin and Bow, in box complete. 1 set Jewelry, pin, ear drops, and sleeve buttons.

For a Club of 50 and Five Dollars—1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pr. all Wool Blankets. Engraved Silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor. 1 beautiful Writing Desk. 1 solid Gold Scarf Pin. 3½ yds. very fine Cassimere for Pants and Vest. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives with silver plated Forks. 1 elegant Satin Parasol, heavily bonded and lined with silk. 1 pr. gents. Calf Boots. 30 yds. good Print. 20 yds. good brown or bleached Sheeting, yard wide or 40 yds. ¾ yd. wide, good quality. Ladies' elegant Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 square Wool Shawl. 1 plain Norwich Poplin Dress pattern. 1¾ yds. dou. width cloth for ladies' cloak. Elegant engraved Silver plated Tea Pot. 8 yds. double width water proof cloth for cloaking.

For a Club of 100 and Ten Dollars—1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair gents French Calf Boots. 1 heavy, silver plated engraved Ice Pitcher. Very fine all Wool Cloth for Ladies' Cloak. 1 web very best quality brown or bleached Sheeting. 7¼ yds. fine Cassimere for suit. 1 elegant Poplin Dress pattern. 1 beautiful English Berage Shawl. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives and Forks. 1 ladies or gents' Silver Hunting-case Watch. 1 Bartlett Hand, Portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, steel engravings, with record and photograph pages. 25 yds. good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilt. 1 good 6 barrel Revolver. 1 elegant fur muff and cape. 1 single barrel Shot Gun. 1 Silver plated, engraved, 8 bottled Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 set Ivory balanced Knives and Forks.

Presents for larger clubs increase in the same ratio.

Send Money by Registered Letter.

Catalogue of Goods sent to any address **free.**
PARKER & CO.,
oct10-4t Nos. 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the
ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 28 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my16-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Wonderful Echo.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Above where the county town of M—— is situated, on the South Fork of the American River, in the state of California, is a cave noted for its remarkable echo, taking up voices and sounds and repeating them several times over. It was noted around the country, and was visited by many of the curious of the then new Golden state. The following is literally true:

A would-be dandy, in company with a lady, went to pay a visit to the wonderful Echo Cave. When they were near enough for their voices to reach the cave they halted. "Now hollow to it," said the lady.

"Hello-o!" called out the gentleman in a very loud voice.

Now to the right of the cave, and near it, sat a tired miner engaged in the laudable act of eating his dinner. Supposing that he was the person called to by the gentleman, he responded,

"Hello."

"It has answered you," said the lady. "Now, hollow again to it and ask it what it is doing."

"Hello-o, what are you doing there?"

The answer came back clear and decisive,

"None of your blamed business, you old corkscrew."

The lady turned with wonder in her eyes to the gentleman, saying,

"Indeed, this is a very wonderful echo."

"Let us return, it appears to be out of humor this time," said the gentleman, and they returned to M—— in perfect ignorance of the cause of the singular response.

S. S.

Take Me!

An affecting circumstance happened at Long Branch. Among some two hundred bathers were a lady and gentleman who had shown a slight partiality for each other's society. An immense wave unhappily carried the lady off her feet, and buried her for an instant in four feet of water. The gentleman hurried to her rescue, and on pulling her out she breathlessly exclaimed, with a mouth full of salt water—

"O, Augustus—dear—take me—I perish—have—mercy—take me, Augustus, and—O—O—O—take me!"

"Thanks, dearest," exclaimed Augustus, "you have made me very happy."

"Thanks—for what, sir?" coldly exclaimed the lady, taking a long breath.

"For your favorable answer to my proposal," said Augustus.

"Proposal? I heard none."

"O, yes, but you did, my dear—I made it when you were under the water, and you said yes, and told me to take you; and I mean to take you at your word."

"Ah—well—dear me—ask pa—and—"

"Of course," said Augustus.

The pair will be made happy during the winter.

Spice.

A New York and Chicago merchant conversing on the railway train of the merits of their respective cities, the former remarked—

"But you must own New York is the great city—the metropolis, so to speak, of the country."

"Yes," remarked the Chicago man, "New York is a right smart place for business and enterprise, New York is the Chicago of the East."

This is not quite so bad as the Hoosier, who, on being asked his opinion, remarked—

"That New York was too far from Indianapolis ever to be much of a place."

The fellow who undertook to get a free pass on the plea that he was a railroad man is found to have spoken the truth, he was a rail rode man, but a fellow had hold of each end of the rail when he rode.

Another revolution—The earth's since yesterday.

A young writer wishes to know of us "which magazine will give me a high position the quickest." We reply a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article.

A Moral and Example.

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder it did not sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp, when it comes, have its bout and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—be quiet as Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined, as at this moment, to settle, then do as I do now." Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and, in the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like a green waistcoat—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. "There, girls," said I, "here's my moral and example:—When a husband comes home in ill-humor, don't cry out and fly at him, but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp."

Complying with Instructions.

Count Sponneck, the confidential adviser of the King of Greece, is a gentleman of fifty, possessed of extraordinary presence of mind. When he first went to Greece, he had with him on board the steamer a powerful Newfoundland dog, to which he was much attached. The dog one day fell overboard, and Count Sponneck asked the captain of the vessel to have the engines stopped, that his dog might be saved. "Your excellency," replied the captain, "my instructions are to stop only when a man has fallen overboard."

"Very well," said the count, who is an excellent swimmer, and jumped overboard. The steamer stopped, and both the count and his dog were, five minutes afterward, again on board.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A short time ago, a little Beaver Dam boy, whom we will call Jimmy, was riding past a church, and some one remarked, in passing, that it was a Presbyterian church. "Papa," said Jimmy, "what makes them call it a *Presbyterian* church?" "I don't know," said the father; "I'm not very well posted in such matters. But I suppose it's only an arbitary name, to distinguish it from other churches." Jimmy looked sober and thoughtful for a while, and then replied, with all earnestness, "Well, I guess it's called Presbyterian because the way they preach there *makes the tears come.*"—*Beaver Dam Citizen.*

THE ENAMELLING PROCESS.

MY LADY.—"Good gracious, Hodson, do you mean to say that there's no more 'Arabian enamel' to be obtained? Why I'm positively *cracking all over!*"

HODSON (improving the occasion).—"So you are, my lady! And what's worse, my lady, it's beginning to *chip off!*"

THE CONTRAST.

BY PAUL RIVERS.

"You are a great rich Sunflower,
I am a Daisy poor;
Why do you stand a-nosing
Here at my humble door?

"Go to the court of nature,
And win you a stately bride,
With beauty, and wealth, and station,
To match with your birth and pride.

"There is the Lady Tulip
Waiting in proud repose,
Dressed in the softest violet—
Her royal cousin, Red Rose;

"And there is the Princess Lily,
Tender and full of grace,
Ever toward your bower
Turning her haughty face.

"I am only a peasant;
The ladies at court would scorn
To trail the hem of their garments
O'er flower so humbly born!"

"Not for your beauty, Daisy,
Not for your wealth or birth,
Not for your station, Daisy,
But for your modest worth."

So men of the Sunflower nature,
Seeking the wide world through,
Mate with the Daisy women,
Simple, and sweet, and true.

☞ A lady writer in the Broadway, in an article entitled "Ourselves," says, in comparing women to men: "Though we were certainly not sent into the world solely to supplement men's lives and to have no original objects of our own, still, we cannot do without their liking; and it is only right that we should set our watches by their time. They are clearer-headed than we; less prejudiced, if less conscientious; more generous when generous, and more tender when tender. When they love, they love better than we love, but less absorbingly. We give the whole of our lives to love, they keep one portion of theirs for work, and another for ambition. Still, the half measure of a gallon is more than the full measure of a pint; and weight for weight, the man's love is greater than the woman's."

COMLPIMENTARY.—A sentimental young lady lost a curly poodle on which she set great value, and which she fed with her own hands. Not long after the poodle had departed this transitory life, Fridolina was seen to contemplate with great pensiveness the countenance of a be-whiskered and beringletted young man. "Fridolina, my dear," said her maiden aunt, a very proper old lady, "don't look so at young Frisly; he'll think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, Aunt Sophia," replied Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "his expression is so like Moppets!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Manure.

Ideas have changed very much of late about the treatment of animal manure, especially since the very careful emperiments of Professor Voelcker at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, in England, the results of which are published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society. These experiments seem to prove that there is no place so good for the storing of farm-land manure as the surface of the field where it is to be used. The longer it is exposed to the action of the air (and prevented from an injurious decomposition, as when built up into heaps,) the more thoroughly is it prepared for assimilation, and the more evenly are its assimilable parts distributed through the soil. If the manure is at once ploughed under, the soluble portions of each lump of manure will be taken up and held fast by the soil immediately in contact with it, for water cannot distribute fertilizing matters in the soil. So long as the manure lies on the surface, its parts, as fast as they are disengaged by decomposition, are washed into the soil by the water of rains, and distributed much more evenly (carried to many more of its particles) than they could be in any other way.

If the object is simply to get the manure into the best condition for the use of the grass crop, you may safely spread it upon your meadows without any preliminary treatment. Of course it is best to have the manure as fine as possible, but it is not good economy to attain this result by means of "laying by for a year," nor by any other process which would be attended with the evolution of volatile ammonia and the washing of soluble salts.

Cow manure may be kept an indefinite time if protected from sun and rain. Horse manure would be most effectively used by being spread upon the land as fast as it is produced. Left by itself in heaps, even under cover, it undergoes a destructive fermentation.

How to Keep Eggs Fresh.

As detailed in the Maine Farmer, the following very simple plan we have never tried, and know nothing practically whether it be effectual or not. We found it in the "Farm Journal," quoted from the "English Agricultural Gazette." We pass it over to our readers for their consideration.

Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes, (each one and a half inches in diameter,) as you can. I find that a board two feet and six inches in length, and one foot wide, has five dozen in it, say twelve rows of five each.

Then take four strips two inches broad, and nail them together into a rectangular frame. Nail this board upon the frame, and the work is done, unless you choose to nail a beading around the top.

Put your eggs in this board as they come from the poultry house, the *small end down*, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions:—Take care that the eggs do not get wet, either in the nest or afterwards. (In summer, hens are fond of laying among the weeds or grass, and any eggs taken from such nests in wet weather, should be put away for immediate use.) Keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter. If two boards be kept, one can be filling while the other is emptying.

The writer accounts for the preservation of eggs in this way, by supposing that the yolk floats more equally in the white, and has less tendency to sink down against the shell, than when the egg is laid on one side—certainly, if the yolk touches the shell it spoils immediately.

Sending Hay to England.

Our readers have probably been aware, before reading this, that several cargoes of hay have been exported from the United States to England lately to supply deficiencies in the crop there. An English paper speaking of samples of this hay pronounces it "extremely coarse,—more like dried rushes than the product of a meadow." From this we should judge the sample examined must have been entirely made up of herds-grass which had attained a vigorous growth. It could not have been a specimen of our "mixed" hay—red top and clover with a proportion of herds-grass, (timothy,) else even the fault-finding English farmers would have been satisfied. We do not think this business of sending hay to England will amount to much or will be likely to be continued. The high price at home and the cost of exportation will make the profits small, while the risks are large.—*Maine Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—Take 1 grated cocoanut, 1 quart milk, 4 eggs, sweeten to taste. This will make four puddings.

PREMIUM CORN BREAD.—Scald a pint of Indian meal, add to it a pint of sponge, half a teacup molasses, small teaspoon saleratus, stir in flour with a spoon until quite stiff, put in pan, let it rise, and bake it one hour.

CAUTIONS AGAINST THE SKIN OF RAISINS.—It has been noticed that several children have died from convulsions produced by eating the skins of raisins. DR. DEWEES, of Boston, mentions the deaths of three children from this cause, and remarks that there is no stomach, unless it be that of the ostrich, that can master the skin of the raisin.

TO RESTORE COLORS TAKEN OUT BY ACID, &c.—Hartshorn rubbed on a silk or woollen garment will restore the color without injuring it. Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease or drops of paint out of cloth; apply it till the paint can be scraped off. Rub French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has been greased and hold near the fire; this will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

HINTS ON MAKING GUM.—Procure two ounces of the best gum Arabic at the chemist's. Take one moderately-sized lump of white sugar, and crush them both together until reduced to a fine powder. Dilute it in eight tablespoonfuls of cold water for four-and-twenty hours, one ounce to four tablespoonfuls. When strained it is fit for use.

THE RIDDLER.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We have concluded not to publish any more *prize* Enigmas, Problems, &c., except such as we may decide to offer ourselves.—*Editor Riddler.*

Enigma.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 52, 33, 42, 1, 13, is a bill drawn for money.
My 23, 2, 39, 44, 10, is a young person.
My 10, 53, 13, 17, 8, is an excellent drink.
My 19, 49, 29, 32, 3, is reputation.
My 45, 12, 4, 20, 41, is a creeping animal.
My 47, 15, 5, 30, 36, is a vehicle.
My 31, 24, 40, 6, 28, is coin used in trade.
My 37, 41, 7, 14, 43, is transparent.
My 18, 48, 51, 7, 44, is a species of corn.
My 38, 21, 7, 16, 51, is a bond servant.
My 25, 8, 35, 13, 54, is concord.
My 26, 11, 34, 8, 46, is a concreted juice.
My 27, 50, 9, 22, 33, is a kind of tree.
My whole is one of "Poor Richard's" proverbs. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.
Bryan, Ohio.

Problem.

A merchant bought several yards of silk for $30—out of which he reserved 10 yards, and sold the remainder for $28, gaining one-sixth as many cents on a yard as one yard cost him. How many yards did he buy, and at what price? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

It is required to find the length of the longest ladder that can be slid up a vertical wall, under an obstacle which is 2 feet and 3 inches from the wall and 5 feet and 4 inches from the ground.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem for the Boys.

If a cubic foot of iron were drawn into a square bar one-half inch square. Required—its length, provided one-twelfth of the metal wasted.
W. T. STONEBRAKER.
West Milton, Miami Co., O.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Ans.—Unquestionably.

☞ Is there another which contains them in regular succession? Ans.—Facetiously.

☞ Where did Joseph go when he was fifteen? Ans.—On to sixteen.

☞ Why is Christmas-day like a pulpit? Ans.—Because it is kept in churches.

☞ What thing is that which was born without a soul, and when it got a soul could only keep it three days, and when it died it went neither to Heaven nor to hell? Ans.—The whale that swallowed Jonah.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 22nd—4 inches. W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, F. M. Priest, J. N. Soders, W. B. Mullin. Width of the frame 1-6 of an inch. S. S. Knox. Width of frame—12.44 plus inches. A. Reid.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—20 feet. A. Martin, J. N. Soders, F. M. Priest. The length of the front rafters is 25.8 plus feet. W. T. Stonebraker. Length of the shorter rafter is 11.5 plus feet. S. S. Knox.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—44.66 seconds. J. S. Phebus. 44.67 seconds. J. N. Soders. 43.14 plus seconds. C. A. Benjamin. 17.18 plus seconds. W. T. Stonebraker. 44.6712 seconds. F. M. Priest.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 29th—144 and 64 square rods. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, A. Reid, W. T. Stonebraker, W. B. Mullin, F. M. Priest, and J. N. Soders. 144 and 60 rods. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of same date—6 feet. W. T. Stonebraker, J. M. Greenwood, J. N. Soders, F. M. Priest, W. B. Mullin, A. Reid, and J. S. Phebus.

GRAVY SOUP.—Nothing is better than shin of beef for this soup, though pieces of the rump and other parts are used; the shin should be sawed in several places, and the marrow extracted; this, if laid in the bottom of the saucepan, will take the place of butter; if marrow is not forthcoming, butter must be employed; take a fourth of the quantity of ham, stew gently until the gravy is extracted, care being taken it does not burn; a little water may be employed by the inexperienced, but not much; when it has nearly dried up again, put in herbs, a couple of carrots cut very small, pepper ground, salt, a little white sugar (this can be omitted, but it materally adds to the flavor;) add boiling water in requisite quantity, and stew gently for five hours; when cold, remove the fat, and warm up as wanted.

WHITE SOUP.—General directions for white stock have been given, but to prevent mistake, take a knuckle of veal, separated into three or four pieces, a slice of ham as lean as possible, a few onions, thyme, cloves, and mace, stew twelve or fourteen hours, until the stock is as rich as the ingredients can make it; an old fowl will make it much richer, if added. This soup must be made the day before it is required; when removed from the fire, after sufficiently stewed, let it cool, and then remove the fat, add to it four ounces of pounded blanched almonds, let it boil slowly, thicken it with half a pint of cream and an egg; it should boil slowly for half an hour, and then be served.

PUDDING SAUCE, No. 1.—One coffee cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, and one egg, beated together a long time, flavor with lemon or vanilla. Before taking it to the table turn on three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, stir it enough to mix it.

SUET PUDDING.—One pound of suet, five potatoes boiled and mashed, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, and one cup of raisins chopped fine, one teaspoonful of soda, and any kind of spice to suit the taste. Use flour enough to mix like bread, and boil three hours in a tin boiler.

ONE OF THE

BEST INVESTMENTS.

THE

First Mortgage

BONDS

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD COMPANY.

850 MILES COMPLETED.

A limited amount of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company are offered to the public, as one of the safest and most profitable investments.

1. They are a first mortgage upon the longest and most important railroad in the country.

2. By law they can be issued to the Company only as the road is completed, so that they always represent a real value.

3. Their amount is limited by act of Congress to Fifty Million Dollars on the entire Pacific line, or an average of less than $30,000 per mile.

4. Hon. E. D. Morgan, of the United States Senate, and Hon. Oakes Ames, of the United States House of Representatives, are the trustees for the bondholders, to see that all their interests are protected.

5. Five Government Directors, appointed by the President of the United States, are responsible to the country for the management of its affairs.

6. Three United States Commissioners must certify that the road is well built and equipped, and in all respects a first-class railway, before any bonds can be issued upon it.

7. The United States Government lends the Company its own bonds to the same amount that the Company issues, for which it takes a second mortgage as security.

8. As additional aid, it makes an absolute donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, lying upon each side of the road.

9. The bonds pay six per cent. in gold, and the principal is also payable in gold.

10. The earnings from the local or way business were over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS last year, which, after paying operating expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest. These earnings will be vastly increased on the completion of the entire line in 1869.

12. No political action can reduce the rate of interest. It must remain for thirty years—*six per cent. per annum in gold*, now equal to between eight and nine per cent. in currency. *The principal is then payable in gold.* If a bond, with such guarantees, were issued by the Government, its market price would not be less than from 20 to 25 per cent. premium. As these bonds are issued under Government authority and supervision, upon what is very largely a Government work, they must ultimately approach Government prices. No other corporate bonds are made so secure.

13. The issue will soon be exhausted. The sales have sometimes been half a million a day, and nearly twenty millions have already been sold. About ten millions more may be offered. It is not improbable that at some time not far distant, all the remainder of the bonds the Company can issue will be taken by some combination of capitalists and withdrawn from the market, except at a large advance. The long time, the high gold interest, and the perfect security, must make these bonds very valuable for export.

All the predictions which the officers of this Company have made in relation to the progress and business success of their enterprize, or the value and advance in the price of their securities, have been more than confirmed, any they therefore suggest that parties who desire to invest in their bonds *will find it to their advantage to do so at once.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED IN PHILADELPHIA BY

DE HAVEN & BROTHER,
40 SOUTH THIRD STREET.
W. PAINTER & CO.,
36 SOUTH THIRD STREET.
SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO.,
16 SOUTH THIRD STREET,

AND IN NEW YORK

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street,

and by

John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street,

And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED Oct. 1st, containing a report of the progress of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application at the Company's office or to any of the advertised agents. JOHN J. CISCO,
Oct. 6th, 1868. Treasurer, New York.
oct17-2t

GENUINE

WALTHAM WATCHES

AT

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 karat cases	80 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' size	70 00

Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We will send these Watches by Express with bill to collect on delivery to any part of the country, *and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.*

We have prepared a descriptive price list explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

We invite a comparison of our prices with any others, and any Watch that does not give satisfaction may be exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Address in full. HOWARD & CO.,
sep5-tf No. 619 Broadway, New York.